







50.
THE IMMORTAL;

A Dramatic Romance;

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

JAMES NACK.

With a Memoir of the Author,

BY

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

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DEDICATORY LINES
TO
CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

FRIEND of my heart!—friend of the human race!
Though I may never gaze upon thy face,
Nor clasp the hand that has such wonders penned;
 Yet when entranced by thy prevailing spell,
 I watch the ebbing life of gentle *Paul*,
 Or looking up, as at an angel's call,
 Pursue the heavenward flight of "*Little Nell*,"
Heart leaps to heart, and I embrace my FRIEND!

It hath been given to thy hand to trace
All that is good and glorious in our race,
As with an "angel's ken" thou hast divined
The riches in the human heart enshrined;
Crowns, sceptres, laurel wreaths, or robes of state,
Thy genius needs not, to reveal the great.

Greatness is only greatness *in itself*,—
It rests not in externals, nor its worth
Derives from gorgeous pomp, or glittering pelf,
Or chance of arms, or accident of birth;

It lays its deep foundations in the soul,
And piles a tower of virtues to the skies,
Around whose pinnacle majestic, roll
The clouds of glory, starred with angel eyes !

Such is the lofty lesson thou hast taught,
But still diviner blessings hast thou wrought ;
Like light from heaven, thy genius has unveiled
Affection's deepest mystery of grief,
And to despairing sorrow brought relief,
Where reason and philosophy had failed,
By opening the fountains of the heart :
And therefore distant strangers give thee part
In their affections, as a household guest,
Who shares the sacred secret of their breast.

There is a sorrow that can never die ;
There is a loss we never can forget,
Yet can it purify and sanctify,
And mingle heavenly solace with regret ;
And therefore do we love thee and thy page,
Which moves our tears, but moves them to assuage ;
And therefore do I hail thee as my friend,
And yield the tribute of a grateful heart ;
Though humble is the offering I send,
Affection may some little worth impart.

CONTENTS.



Memoir of the Author, by George P. Morris,	<i>Page</i> 1
THE IMMORTAL,	9

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

To my Wife,	87
She calls Me Father,	90
A Father's Dirge	91
The Watches of the Night,	95
My Boy,	98
The Charms of Woman,	100
To Mrs. Mary B., on her Birthday,	103
A Valentine to my Wife,	104
My Little Friend,	106
A Hundred Years from Now,	108
Ambition, addressed to my Son,	110
My Darling Little Mary,	112
The Mother's Pride,	113
The Power of Affection,	115
The Ringlet,	116
My Love Loves Me,	117
Broken Ties,	118
The Battle of the Snakes, an Epistle to Catharine,	119
My Pretty Birds,	124
To One Remembered still,	125

	<i>Page</i>
My Blue-eyed Maid, written at the Age of Fourteen,	127
To my Friend, R. B.,	128
What Should we Do, my Brother ?	129
The Grave of Mary, written at the age of Fifteen,	130
The Pearl-handled Knife,	131
The Choice,	137
To my Daughter,	138
Mount Vernon,	140
The Hero, inscribed to James B. K——,	142
Woman's Ministry,	145
New Year Hymn,	146
On the Death of a Young Sister,	147
My Cap,	150
To a Bereaved Friend,	152
Rest, Baby, Rest !	155
Walter Scott and Washington Irving,	156
The Font,	159
The Sum of Philosophy,	160
Jane Eyre, written after Reading that admirable Work,	161
Spring is Coming,	ib.
Love will Find out the Way,	163
New Year Thoughts,	165
Good Night, Mamma !	166
Wedded Love,	168
Resolution,	169
A Woman as She Should be,	170
Jenny Lind	171

MEMOIR OF JAMES NACK,

BY

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

WHEN genius of no common order is placed in conflict with circumstances of peculiar difficulty, it presents a subject of interesting contemplation to those who take an interest in the philosophy of the human mind. Hence the career of James Nack has engaged the attention of more than one eminent writer. The elegant memoir by General Wetmore is familiar to all conversant with the literature of our country ; and, in the present brief sketch, we shall, to a great extent, avail ourselves of his remarks, with a few additional particulars from other sources.

James Nack was the son of a merchant of the city of New York. From his earliest years his attention to study and literature gave promise of future distinction. His first efforts in poetry were at so early an age, it might be said of him as of Pope,

“ He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.”

But the fond expectations which his precocious talents

naturally inspired among his friends and family, appeared to be suddenly destroyed by an accident, which might have been fatal to the development of genius less innate, or faculties less energetic than those with which he was endowed. He had scarcely attained his ninth year, when one day, as he was descending a flight of stairs with a little playmate in his arms, his foot slipped; in his fall he caught at the nearest article, which happened to be a heavy fire-screen; this gave way, and descending upon his head, crushed and mangled it severely, depriving him of consciousness for several weeks, and of his hearing for ever.

It is a natural consequence of a deprivation of hearing in early life, for the articulation to become gradually imperfect for want of an ear to guide its pronunciation, and Nack has not entirely escaped this misfortune. Hence, though his speech is intelligible to those who have grown up with him, and become accustomed to its peculiarities, he prefers to carry on his intercourse with others in writing. To many the loss of hearing at so early an age would have presented almost unconquerable difficulties in the pursuits of science and literature; but familiar with books from his earliest years, the spirited boy only applied with the more diligence to his studies. The result may be given in the words of the late Samuel L. Knapp, who knew him intimately, and was well qualified by his own talents and attainments to appreciate those of his young friend.

“His acquirements at this early age, in the languages and all the branches of knowledge, ordinary and extraordinary, are superior to those of any young man of the

same age I ever met with. There is a strength and maturity about his mind rarely to be found in those who have experienced no such deprivation as he has been visited with. His criticisms have a sagacity and shrewdness unequalled by those who were critics before he was born. He acquires a language with the most astonishing facility. No one I ever knew could do it with the same readiness, except the late learned orientalist, George Bethune English. Nack unites in a degree truly astonishing, those two seemingly inconsistent qualities, *restlessness* and *perseverance*. He reads and writes, and does all things as though he had just breathed the Delphic vapor, and perseveres as though he were chained to the spot by some talismanic power.

“In a few years our gifted author will find things changing around him, and his youthful labors will become the foundation stones of a goodly edifice, in the fashioning of which he has learned the skill of a literary architect, and acquired the strength to raise a temple of imperishable fame for his own and his country’s glory.”

Such were the impressions and expectations that James Nack inspired in his boyhood, even in the veterans of literature ; and a boy of such extraordinary promise must have been remarkable under any circumstances. But when we consider the difficulties he had to surmount, we must no less admire his energy and perseverance than his talents. As General Wetmore eloquently remarks, “had not James Nack been deeply imbued by nature with the vision and the faculty

divine—had he not been impelled by an irresistible love and a feeling for his art, he never could have overcome the numerous and seemingly insurmountable difficulties which met him at every turn in the opening of his career. Cut off in early youth from that familiar general intercourse which sweetens the days of childhood and smoothes the path to knowledge, his sole reliance was on his own natural resources; an intellect vigorous and clear, an imagination vivid and far-reaching, and a resolution that could meet and subdue the irreparable calamity of his life.”

On the publication of a volume of his poems, written between the fourteenth and seventeenth years of his age, it was hailed with wonder and admiration. One of our leading reviews, in alluding to that volume, says, “For precocity of talent and attainment under circumstances peculiarly unpropitious, James Nack is an intellectual wonder. As far as known, Christendom contains nothing comparable to him. All things considered, Chatterton did not equal him. He has written much, and many of his productions are of a high order; all of them are marked with the rich and fervid outpourings of genius. For intensity and all that gives to poetry its highest character, they are certainly not surpassed, we think not equalled, by any of the early productions of Lord Byron, and those youthful productions of the noble bard have never received the commendations they merit. It is not too much to say of this gifted young American, that when matured by time and finished by labor, some of his future efforts

in song may equal the happiest of those that have immortalized the author of *Childe Harold*.”*

Among those who took an active interest in the young poet was a distinguished member of the New York bar, who engaged him in his office, and placed an extensive and well selected library at his disposal. “This situation,” says Colonel Knapp, “opened a new world to him. He revelled in fresh delights, devoured books upon poetry, history, philosophy, fiction, mathematics, politics, ethics, criticism, and theology. He wrote as well as read on many of these subjects; formed a thousand theories, and tore them up root and branch for new creations.”

On the departure of this gentleman for Europe, young Nack formed an engagement with another of his early friends, Mr. Asten, at that time Clerk of the City and County of New York, who had been among the first to notice and appreciate his abilities. He soon mastered the intricacies of the various duties required of him; and the manner in which he has fulfilled them has been well described by General Wetmore: “The dry details of legal papers, the monotonous toil of searching the musty records of the courts, however uncongenial to the poetic temperament, have no power to turn him from the path of duty. He enters thoroughly into the spirit of his various labors, and discharges them with a zeal and ability which probably few could equal, and which has secured for him not only the confidence of his successive employers, but

* As this juvenile volume has long been out of print, a few of the minor pieces have been included in the present collection.

the warm regard and esteem of the members of the bar."

In the early part of the year 1838, Mr. Nack was united to a young lady to whom he had been attached almost from her childhood ; and who, it would appear, from more than one beautiful tribute to her worth, which may rank among the happiest efforts of his pen, must have been every way worthy of his choice.

The poetry of James Nack is characterized by a versification remarkably flowing, easy, and musical—an unaffected and felicitous diction—and a depth and tenderness of feeling for which he may be eminently considered the poet of the affections.

His personal qualities could not be more accurately described than in the words of General Wetmore : "Mr. Nack's habits are regular and retired. The domestic attractions of home have a greater charm for him than the allurements of the world. The amusements and excitements of society can rarely win him from his books or his desk. He is averse to mixed company, reserved in the presence of strangers, but familiar and playful in the circle of his select friends ; of strong passions, quick to resent, but quicker to forgive ; prone to act upon the impulse of the moment ; of a disposition gentle, generous, and sincere. He is fond of children, and successful in engaging their affections. With such qualities of mind and heart, it is not surprising that he secures the warm regard of those who have the happiness of his acquaintance, nor that he is most esteemed by those who know him best."

In conclusion, the writer cannot forbear availing

himself of this opportunity to express his own high appreciation of the worth and genius of one whom it has for many years been his privilege to number among his most intimate and most esteemed friends.

GEO. P. MORRIS.



THE IMMORTAL;

A Dramatic Romance.

“Once more in man’s frail world, which I had left
So long that ’twas forgotten.”

Prophecy of Dante.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Drama of the Immortal was written at the age of eighteen. The author's more mature judgment has suggested considerable abridgment; and among the scenes suppressed, were some that perhaps might have been useful in developing the object and tendency of the work. It therefore may be as well to supply their place by a brief introduction.

It is assumed, for the purposes of this work, that besides its visible inhabitants, the world contains a higher order of beings, of a spiritual nature, exempt from sin, suffering, and death. A man of lofty aspirations, impatient of the errors and infirmities of his fellow-creatures, and yearning for a higher communion, is permitted by Providence to quit the society of mankind, and to dwell nearly a century with those spirits, partakers of their immortality. Among them he forgets much of his experience of human life; and it is not till one of the spirits appears in a form that recalls the most endearing recollections of his long

forsaken nature, that he yields to an impulse to revisit the world of man. All that he first encounters there conveys the most painful impressions of the miseries of the human lot ; and the spirit does not at first undeceive him, in the view of deepening the impression that *this* is not the world in which it is desirable to be an immortal ; but finally the spirit reveals to him the higher destinies of mankind, and the immortality to which we *should* aspire.

With this explanation, it is to be hoped that the object of the work will not be misunderstood : and that if our lot in this world is portrayed in the darkest coloring, it is still intended to show—"With all its troubles, life is worth the having," especially in view to the life to come.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MORELLI, *the Immortal.*

ANDREA,

LEON,

HUGO,

ADRIAN,

CARLO,

FELICIA,

MARINA,

JULIA,

ARAMETH.

Chorus of Spirits, &c.

THE IMMORTAL.

ACT FIRST.

MORELLI *appears on the summit of a mountain.*

MORELLI. Ye hills, which towering to the base
of heaven

Receive its shadowed glory on your heads,
Never profaned by human step, save mine !—
Ye skies !—ye glorious skies !—whose azure beauty,
Melting upon my swimming eyes, compels
The worship of my tears ; nor revered less
In tempests, when the dark magnificence
Of terror clothes ye—when the light of hell
Glares on creation's pall ! Thou glorious sun,
At whom I scarce can glance, so beautiful,
So bright, so awful !—thou appear'st thyself
Too much a god, that such a thing as I am
Should dare to worship thee, much less thy Maker !

And thou whose milder splendors sweetly chasten
The majesty of night ! and oh, ye stars !
Sweet eyes of heaven, whose tears of light are shed
On man's unhappy world !—I love ye all,
Admire ye, worship ye ! Long have you been
Companions to my eyes ; but ah ! my heart !—
Where can it be companioned ? Not on earth—
Of all its multitude I found not one
To recompense my love, or to deserve it.
Nor here—howbeit my reverence and esteem
These spirits claim, not being of my nature—
Their sympathies blend not with mine.

What curse
Like the heart's desolation ! Still the same
In throngs and solitude, interminable
As hell, and scarce less fearful ! But these thoughts
Avail not—I must fly them ! Arameth !

Hasten, hasten, Arameth,
Whether bathed in music's breath,
Whether on the zephyrs gliding,
Or on burning lightnings riding,
Whether earth in tempests whirling
Or the stream in breezes curling,—
Spirit ! whether thou dost over
Scenes of love or carnage hover,
Where are strewed the dead and dying,
Or to beauty youth is sighing ;

Be thy errand what it be,
Hither, hither, haste to me !
Come, though called by human breath,
Hasten, hasten, Arameth !

ARAMETH (*invisible*). Form of earth and soul of
fire !

I have come at thy desire ;
Arameth is here to ask
What thou wouldst appoint his task,
And thy bidding, life or death,
Shall be done by Arameth.

MORELLI. Comest thou from earth or air ?

Tell me, Spirit, tell me where
Thou hast been—what hast thou seen ?

ARAMETH. One who might be named the queen
Of earth for beauty.

MORELLI. Spirit, say,
Canst thou think as sons of clay ?
Spirit, I should think thou must
Scorn the fairest breathing dust.

ARAMETH. Fairest earthly work of God
Woman seems to man and me ;
Man adores the earthly clod,
But the pure divinity
Of that clod, the holy breath,
Homage claims from Arameth.

MORELLI. Many years have passed away
Since I've seen a form of clay,
Save when on my own I look,
Imaged in the silver brook ;
And I now am first inclined
One to see of womankind.
Spirit, who all forms canst wear,
Though thyself possessing none,
Thee I now would look upon
In the guise of maiden fair ;
Take the image of the same
Thou so beautiful didst name.

ARAMETH. Light of heaven, be thou set
In the hue of violet !
On the hyacinthine flow,
Night, thy glossy shadows throw !
With the pure new-fallen sleet
Let the blush of morning meet !
Of fire the brightness
Of air the lightness,
The softness of water,
In earth's fairest daughter,
Together blend !
Earth ! I dive into thy breast !
Now I as thy loveliest
Ascend !

[ARAMETH *rises in the apparition of a beautiful woman.*

MORELLI. Spirit, thou mockest me ! the form
thou wearest

Has no original of earth ; for heaven
When it a being had created all
So beautiful, for very pity could not
Pronounce it mortal ! No, it cannot be—
It cannot be that there is one of earth
Lovely as this ! But how it tortures me
To look upon thee thus ! There was a time,
When I was yet among the sons of men,
That as I gazed upon the face of woman,
Proud as I was I could not wish myself
A being of another world than hers.
'T was the last link I broke when from the world
Of man I sprang to yours. Thy beautiful
Embodiment recalls such thoughts as might
Render me less than man, though I am more.

ARAMETH. And while thou wouldst be more
than man, beware
Of earthly recollections. By the express
Permission of the highest, thou dost share
Our immortality, from all distress
Exempted that terrestrial beings bear ;
For heaven's especial purpose this hath been
To thee allotted, else to all mankind

Denied for ever ; but should earthly sin
Or even earthly weakness sway thy mind,
That weakness or that sin to earth shall bind
Thy lot again, and from the evils there
Deliverance, save by death, thou shalt not find.

MORELLI. The warning is not needed ; yet if ever
Woman should meet me, all as beautiful
As thou appearest, I doubt temptation might
Awaken for a moment. How dangerous
Must beauty be to man, since it is thus
To me ! It is not safe to look upon thee
While thou art thus ! Become invisible,
Or change thy form to one that cannot move me.

ARAMETH. Ninety years have o'er thee past

And no change upon thee cast,
Speeding on this hallowed height
As on earth a moment's flight.
Think not that it thus could be
Were thy lot mortality ;

Though the form thou wearest

Corruption cannot know,

On earth's first and fairest

Time a change will throw.

Earthly beauty ! what art thou,
When before thee thousands bow,
When adored and deified,
Dare not mock thyself with pride ?

As thy sire corruption name,
 In the worm thy mother claim !
 All thy charms most glorious
 All by Time must vanish—thus !

[*Disappears.*

MORELLI. Can decay
 Ever lay

Its withering rod
 On beauty such as thou didst wear ?
 His workmanship so fair,
 Will not the creating God
 From corruption spare ?

ARAMETH. All must perish ! all must perish !
 Perish all creation must !
 All of dust return to dust !

MORELLI. Alas ! may I not cherish
 A trust,

If there be one of earthly sphere
 Lovely as thou didst appear,
 The grave shall not her charms devour ?

ARAMETH. Nor shall it ; for the tomb
 Hath power upon her, but no power
 Upon her charms ; for all whose bloom
 Corruption e'er can know, shall leave her
 Before the hour
 The grave is destined to receive her.
 But behold

How time shall mould
 Her form, then, if thou canst, repine
 That *such* should in the grave recline.

Open earth and show
 What time shall beauty render ;
 The eyes once wont to glow
 With celestial splendor,
 Feeble in their socket damp,
 As the midnight charnel-lamp ;
 Here and there
 Dishevelled hair
 Loosely sprinkled,
 Wont in raven showers to flow
 O'er a brow
 Whose delicate snow
 A sickly dark usurpeth now ;
 Sallow cheeks, sunk and wrinkled,
 Limbs which scarce the frame can bear ;
 Veins whose blood is stealing
 Like icicles congealing !
 Open earth ! open earth !
 Open earth and show !

[ARAMETH *rises in the apparition of an old and decrepit woman.*

MORELLI. Away ! away ! What is there in the
 grave
 So horrible ?

ARAMETH. Son of earth !

Human birth

Gave thee many a human feeling,

Which even here is on thee stealing ;

But mark thou well

The appearance now I wear,

And let it be thy spell

To guard thee from all earth's alluring fair ;

For all must come to this at last !

Beware ! beware !

When beauty's glance is on thee cast,

Remembering what thou seest now,

Thus her magic disavow.

MORELLI. But why this caution ? Never here
Earthly beauty can appear.

ARAMETH. Nay, but thy wish I know

Upon thy native sphere

Another glance to throw

And heaven thy wish forbids not ; near

Will I attend on thy career,

A warning to bestow,

Should e'er

Thy earthly feelings triumph.

MORELLI.

No ;

They shall not. Arameth, I go,

If but to test my strength ; from thee

I claim no guidance ; let me owe

Myself alone the victory,
If, indeed, for one like me
Earth's temptations to o'erthrow
Any cause for triumph be.

ARAMETH. Beauty's influence conquer thou,
And earth and heaven will thee allow
Most triumphant conqueror !
Yet if e'er enthralled by her,
Bear in mind that down the tide
Of time her every charm must glide,
Fleeting with each fleeting year,
Till she become what I appear !

Oh ! why
Do mortals heave the sigh
And drop the tear,
O'er those who in the bloom of youth and beauty die ?
Better in the grave decay
Than be of time the living prey !

MORELLI. No more of this, I gladly would forget
That there is beauty, since I must remember
That there is death and time ; howbeit the world
To which I now return must oft remind me
Of that, and much beside, for which oblivion
Would be a blessing far excelling all
To earth accorded ; yet as the observance
Of human fate may better reconcile me
To mine, convey me thither, Arameth.

ACT SECOND.

*Scene in the open Country.**Enter ARAMETH and MORELLI.*

MORELLI. I've seen all earth, and all I've seen
informs me

That man exists only to make himself
And others wretched. I'm sick at heart with pity
For all who are thrust into a world like this.

ARAMETH. Can that world no good display
Every evil to outweigh?

MORELLI. Nothing! When man raves of a
heaven on earth,
I know it for the mockery of hell!
And there is nothing beautiful on earth
But ministers destruction in its beauty!
When I beheld the tempest in its terrors,
To me they were most lovely, till I saw
That they were as destroying; when the lightnings
Bathed earth in liquid fire, whose withering torrent
Blended the ashes of the habitation

With the inhabitants'; or when the billows,
Dashing against the heavens, in sudden swell
Encanopied the bark that o'er their bosom,
When they were smiling, had as lightly danced
As danced the thoughtless hearts wherewith 't was
freighted—

The hearts of those whose death-cry from the waters,
Half-stifled, pained my ear! How oft this ear
Has heard within the space of one short hour
The cry of death repeated! From the thousands
Crushed in their palaces of pride, or hovels
Of vileness, all confounded in the shock
Which hurled their city from its burst foundations;
From the red field of war, where myriads butchered
Opposing myriads, till themselves had fallen,
In idiot obedience to the will
Of diademed fools; or from the desert city
Where all the air was poison, and the wretch
Who breathed it, breathed his last 'mid reeking
heaps

Of those who died before him, and none other
Near him among the dead, except the dying!
The sky was fair then, and I turned my gaze
Towards it from earth's multitude of death.
The golden moon smiled on me, and I said,—
"Beautiful world of light! say, art thou too
A world of bliss? or hast thou naught of heaven

Except its splendor? Even then thou art
More favored far than earth!" Oh, Arameth!
Remove it from my sight and my remembrance!

ARAMETH. Morelli, thou shouldst not advance
A judgment from a rapid glance;
Wait till thou hast communed with men,
In act and word, determine *then*.
But one approaches—mark him well,
By his appearance thou canst tell
If time and death
Are the *mightiest* to efface
Every charm of form and face.

Enter a MAN intoxicated.

MORELLI. Arameth!

What hideous brute behold I there?

ARAMETH. A man! and such as thou wilt find
Commonest among mankind!
Those features the impression bear
By pleasure on her votaries set,
When nature's limit they forget.
Her characters we recognise
In the dim, sunken, bloodshot eyes,
Where quivers lurid fire,
The unsteady gait,
The limbs opprest by one another's weight,

"How divine—how generous,

The pleasures of the social bowl !
How they elevate the soul !
Care and sorrow find a grave
Underneath the ruby wave ;
And o'er it, fanned by pleasure's gales,
Time, his scythe forgotten, sails.
And laughing loves within it spring,
Bathing the heaven-colored wing,
And with it, when you kiss the brim,
Into the heart delighted swim !"

MORELLI. But how does this the wretch concern
To whom my eyes reluctant turn ?

ARAMETH. Askest thou what to the sight
Could thus hateful render one
That once could every eye delight ?
This the social bowl hath done.

MORELLI. Then who would touch it ?

ARAMETH. Sad the truth
That many in the flower of youth
Deem that they a manly name
From the drunken bowl can claim !
Great spirits ! they aspire to be
Such men as thou in this canst see
Exempl'd !

MORELLI. Men I would behold,
But oh ! not such !

ARAMETH. I'll show to thee

His victims, and the misery
From the cup of pleasure rolled.

Scene changes to the interior of a hovel. Lying on the floor, two children are discovered, the mother bending over them.

MOTHER. But he will bring it soon ! Alas !
poor wretch !

Hope is the only food that I can offer,
And hope myself rejects. How still thou art !
Has patience hushed thee ? But who can be patient
In agonies like thine, poor innocent !
Thou moanest still, but in such dying faintness
Scarce can a mother's ear arrest the sound !
Oh ! that my blood were like the pelican's,
To nourish thee ! No other food is left us !
Ah ! now I hear him—ye shall yet be saved !—
I'll lead him softly in, lest he disturb them.

[Opens the door and returns.

None near !—I was deceived !—and night is coming,
And then the night of death ! Bear with me,
heaven !

It is not for myself I dare upbraid thee,
But these ! I am a mother !—would I were not,

Rather than they were thus ! And thou ! oh thou !—
Child of my heart !—my dearest, loveliest one !

[Throws herself by the youngest child.]

MORELLI. Lovely does she call him ?

ARAMETH. Yes ;

His was cherub loveliness,
Till a father's cruelty
Made him even as thou dost see,
Who in revelry has spent
What should be the nourishment
Of his children and his wife.
Draining from them the stream of life
In guilty pleasure's draught unholy,
Which hath him abased thus lowly.

MORELLI. Shall we as their friend appear ?

ARAMETH. No ; a better friend is near !

And see, upon the infant's brow
He shakes the chilly dew-drops now,
And to the eyes' expanded glare
Imparts the unchanging vacant stare,
And bids the unmoistened blue lips sever,
Again to kiss each other never,
And shows the veins' meanders blue
The cheeks' transparent likeness through !

MOTHER. 'Tis death !—'tis death has stilled thee ?
Shall I murmur ?

I will not! Heaven, on bended knee I thank thee!
The blow had pity in it. But oh, my heart!
Ask not what pity could be in the sufferings
Which make the parent of the innocent victim
Grateful to death for its release! Hark! there!
He comes at last to save thee!—*save thee!* Oh!
Let not such horror mock me! Let me not
Find that a moment more had kept the life
That now is fled for ever! Art thou there?
Come in, thou wretched father! He is not near,
And it was folly in me to imagine
He might return, while that return could bring
Relief to these who are not yet beyond
Relief, as thou art, my sweet babe!—my cherub!—
My cherub!—yes! for beautiful wast thou
As heaven's own cherubs are! And art thou not
A cherub now in heaven! But these fond eyes
Are widowed of thy charms! My God, forgive
These ingrate murmurs! Kindly hast thou ended
His sufferings, and should I not thank thee for it?
If I might murmur, it should be that these
Are left to suffer yet. And shall I pray
For their release? Forgive me!—oh, forgive me,
And curb my impious thoughts! My heart is
broken!

ARAMETH. Wouldst thou see more?

MORELLI.

Oh, let us fly!

In pity hide them from my eye.

But hark ! what sudden sound alarms ?

ARAMETH. It is the din of clashing arms ;

And hark that groan ! in desperate fight

Some wretch is struggling for his life.

MORELLI. Haste ! lead me to the scene of strife—

Haste to protect the right !

ACT THIRD.

Scene—a Garden adjoining a Country-house.

Enter LEON.

LEON. Seek virtue upon earth ! ha ! take the sun
From heaven to light thee in the search, and then
Thou wilt discover—what ?—what ? Why, the folly
Of seeking what as real which exists
Only in the imagined fantasy
Of dreaming ignorance ! So have they told me,
Who, when they sketched their picture of the world
Set their own hearts for the original—
Hearts which, unknown to virtue, would not deem
That others knew her better. For myself,
Should I allow to every human heart
As fair a claim to virtue as my own
Can arrogate, and neither more nor less,
I make no question but upon the whole,
At such an estimate, all human virtue
In the amount would be—let's see—let's see—
Aye, aye, I have it—'t would be—even nothing !

For take me piecemeal, and anatomize me,
Body and soul, yet will it puzzle you
From my whole composition to pick out
One particle of virtue. But I am not
Of those who judge others by themselves ;
Neither a votary nor an infidel
Am I to virtue ; I mock her, yet I doubt not
That she exists, and her divinity
Breathes on the spirit of man, though not on mine ;
But human deeds are not the oracles
That tell me so ; I never trust to them,
Or good or ill in seeming. To be certain
Of any thing, we first must ask ourselves
If we ourselves have known it. That assurance
Have I of virtue, though I now disclaim her,
For I have known her once—might know her still,
If so it were my choice. I was not made
Her foe by nature, but by circumstance.
I found this world was never made for virtue,
But for hypocrisy, which steals the guerdon
That virtue toils for in successful labor ;
And therefore I conformed me to the world
That fate has thrust me into. Virtue can
Exist without the name, so can the name
Exist without her ; and of these the latter
I rather choose, and truly I have found
The choice no bad one.

Enter HUGO.

Ah ! my saintly brother !
He sees me not : I will approach ; nor then,
Nor ever, shall he see me as I am.
No more of truth, good tongue ! 'tis pardonable
Unheard, not otherwise. Hugo, my brother !

HUGO. My brother Leon, welcome !

LEON. Who are those
Advancing yonder ?

HUGO. I think I see our father,
Or the uncertain glimpse caught through the
branches
Deceives my eye.

LEON. They turn, and there—'t is he
Indeed ; but one is with him whom my eyes
Remember not.

HUGO. Nor mine ; but be whoever
He may, he seems of noble bearing.

LEON. Hush !

Enter ANDREA with MORELLI.

ANDREA. Welcome, my sons, and give this
stranger welcome,
Who saved my life at peril of his own,
But now, when at the mercy of banditti
I lay defenceless.

HUGO. Words can never thank him.

LEON. But hearts.

MORELLI. Forbear! From all I know of men,
No man has ever cause to thank another;
And the best deed that claims our gratitude,
Probed to the core, betrays some rotten taint
Of selfishness or worse.

LEON. Yet virtuous men—

MORELLI. Are men unknown to earth. I have
seen the world,
And many are the things the world contains;
But two are wanting—happiness and virtue.

LEON. Ah, say not so!

ANDREA. My lord, it is apparent
That thou hast been by evil men surrounded,
And deemed that they exempl'd human nature;
But I have hope I may divert thy mind
From such injustice. Let me recommend
My sons to thy observance, for the virtues
Of either were alone enough to win thee
To an acknowledgment that all mankind
Are not depraved; those virtues long have flourished
Before my glad paternal eye. My lord,
Saidst thou there was no happiness on earth?
I would that thou hadst sons, even as these two,
That thou mightst know a father's happiness
When by his children's virtue he is blest.

Had I no other cause to thank my Maker
For my existence, it were cause enough
For gratitude most infinite, that I
Have given existence to such sons as these,
Whose filial love and manly virtues bless
Their father! Oh, ye gracious heavens! look down
While thus I call your dearest blessings on them!
May theirs be all the joys that I have known,
Without the sorrows! May they in their offspring
Be blest as I am now in them.

MORELLI. So be it!

I am no father, but my heart can wish
A father's prayer success, when breathed as now
To bless his offspring; but upon occasion
May not a father's prayer arise to curse
Children whose guilt has cursed him?

ANDREA. To speak of such
To me, were as to speak of hell to spirits
In heaven. But come, my lord, beneath our roof
May further proof be found that happiness
Is not unknown on earth.

HUGO. Indeed, my lord,
My Paradise is there !

MORELLI. Well, may it prove so !

[*Exeunt* MORELLI, ANDREA, and HUGO.]

LEON. Aye, brother! get thee to thy Paradise!

Is there no serpent near it? Where is Leon?
Is there no woman in it? Ha! ha!—what is it?
What is it but a woman?—a woman!—ha! ha!
Oh! what a precious world of fools we have!
Woman exiled us from the Paradise,
Else our inheritance, and yet we make
Our earthly Paradise depend on woman!
Marry, good brother, Hugo! 't is a pity
The tales our grandam mumbled o'er our cradle,
And gownsmen still rehearse, in their impression
Upon thee, turn to an account so little!
But trust me, if experience do not teach thee
To better purpose, 't is no fault of mine!
Let us remember that our father blest us,
Though Heaven, whom he has troubled for our sake,
Will not remind us by the answer
He looks for, if by any. Well I know
The blessings that await thee; thou art welcome
To all of the kind! I'll help thee to as many
As ever I can, and more than I'll be thanked for!
But what said our papa? "Ye gracious heavens!
May they be in their offspring blest as I am
In them!" We crooked our knees in filial duty;
So will our sons when we pray over them,
Whether they be as thou or I! No matter—
I seek not happiness from my own virtue,
Or any other's. Ye heavens! if ye do hear me,

Let all my children be—e'en what they may be !
But see the moralists ! How I hate their prosing !
Yet would I stay and cant like one of them
In their own dialect, if so it were not
There is another thing that I must look to—
And let them look to it, for they *must* anon.
Aye, rave of thy fools' Paradise, sweet brother !
I pray your pardon, that I do not stay
To mark what you may please to say about it ;
I've more to *do* with it. [Exit.

Re-enter MORELLI, ANDREA, and HUGO.

HUGO. If it would please you,
My lord, although we have not found them there,
They will return ere we await them long ;
But see——

Enter a LITTLE GIRL and BOY.

GIRL. Now is not this a pretty flower ?

Boy. This is the prettiest though ! I'm sure papa
Admires it most.

GIRL. True, mine is not so pretty ;
I wish it were, for then it would so please him,
And he would love me for it.

Boy. Take this, sister,
For you shall give it him. Pa loves us both,

And I'm as glad when he is pleased with you
As 't were myself.

HUGO (*advancing*). Indeed, pa loves you both,
My little cherubs ! and if anything
Could make me love you more, it were your love
To one another. Look upon me, stranger !
While those dear lovely innocents are clinging
Around me thus. Oh ! say am I not happy ?

MORELLI. And these are mortals !—these ! Oh,
Arameth !

How cruel is such beauty to the sight
That shoots beyond the present ! Is it so ?
And must they ——

HUGO. He is strangely moved.

ANDREA. My lord !

MORELLI. Sweet innocents, come hither ! Fear
me not,

Though for a moment from a father's bosom
I take you to my own. Rich as he is
In your embraces, he without begrudging
Can spare me one. How sweet ! My spirit springs
Upon my lips, as if it there would melt
Into the rosy snow they glow upon !
Yet what to me are these more than the other
Children of men ? Heavens ! if they were my own
What were the ecstasy, which even now
Is like to that around the spirit gliding

When all the air is music ! How this kiss—
And this—and this, thrill my delighted soul !
But ah ! what are they to a father's kiss ?
A father's kiss ! Oh, if I had a child—
A child of mine, upon whose cheek of beauty
My lips might dwell, as now they dwell on this,
Ye heavens ! I would entreat you in that moment
The cherub and myself might both become
Immovable to all eternity !
For sure a father's kiss were heaven itself
Were it but as eternal ! But they struggle
To seek their father's arms again ; nor longer
Will mine imprison them from the embrace
They love. Receive them. *Now* I call thee happy !
Mortal ! thou art a father !

ARAMETH (*invisible*). Morelli, hear !

MORELLI. Arameth !

ARAMETH. Listen and reply,

For every mortal ear
Is deadened while I hover nigh ;
And glazed is every mortal eye
As in the fixed transparency,
Fascinating painfully,
The gazer on the wreck of death !
Behold

The group around,
Who stand as if their mould

Were marble! Feeling, sight, and sound,
All forsake them, save their breath,
Till I take the spell away.

Mark those infant forms of clay ;
Though lifeless marble either seemeth,
Around their glowing features beameth
A magical charm, which appears to be
The spirit of the Divinity !

See ! oh, see !

Are they not beautiful ? and would they not,
If thine, be dear to thee ?

MORELLI. Dear ! oh, heaven !

ARAMETH. Wilt thou embrace a mortal lot,

That such as those

May to thyself be given ?

Hast thou forgot

That thy life among mankind

Was but a life of woes ?

Cause but little couldst thou find
To think thyself the giver's debtor ;
Theirs perhaps may be no better :
Soon their blessings may forsake them,
Curses soon may overtake them ;
Yes, their fate may in a morrow
Turn their parents' joy to sorrow ;
Withering fever may embrace them,
Pale consumption may deface them,

Hide their bloom in ghastly whiteness,
Sink their eyes, and quench their brightness ;
And shouldst thou behold them languish,
Writhing on a bed of anguish,
And the father o'er them bending,
Listening, with bosom rending,
To the smothered feeble moaning,
Or the wild hysteric groaning,—
Mark his feelings, and inquire,
Who would be a mortal sire ?

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. Who would be a mortal
sire ? (*wild laughter.*)

MORELLI. Canst thou be Arameth ? Art thou
not rather

A spirit accurst ? And who are those with thee,
Echoing thy laugh of horrid mockery ?

ARAMETH. Morelli !

MORELLI. Vex me not. These eyes are blinded
What is it dims them ?—tears ?

ARAMETH. Morelli !

MORELLI. Wretches !

Back to your native hell ! I knew ye were not
Of heaven ; but did not think that ye were spirits
Of evil, else when it was offered first
I would have spurned your fellowship, as now
I spurn it, for I know ye ! Hell alone
Could laugh to mock a father's agonies !

Earth, I abhor thee !—man, I would despise thee,
But that thou art beneath contempt ! And yet,
Earth ! thou shalt be my home, and man shall be
My fellow ! Rather would I weep with mortals
For mortal sorrows, than laugh at them with fiends !

ARAMETH. We laugh, but not at human woes ;

We laugh at human folly !

He to whose view

Stern melancholy

The destiny of mortals shows,

In the hue

Most dark and true ;

He who knows

What sorrows man is born to bear,

What sins to do,—

Can he suppose

That it can be a mortal's prayer

To be a father, and to send

Others into the world to share

The curses that himself attend ?

We laugh at this, yet might we weep,

For folly so insane

To contemplation deep

Presents a sight of pain !

Childless mortal ! check the prayer

Thou wouldst proffer for an heir !

Not name and fortune alone would be
His inheritance from thee.

No, ah no ! he would inherit

All the damning sins that stain,
All the pangs that wring thy spirit !

Man but lives for sin and pain !

Is it then not truly said,

Favored is the childless bed ?

CHORUS. Favored is the childless bed !

ARAMETH. Lay to heart what we have spoken ;

Answer not—the spell is broken !

ANDREA. My lord you have been silent long, as
rapt

In some deep meditation ; may we ask

To know its nature ?

MORELLI. In your ignorance

Be happy. Knowledge is the deadliest foe

To happiness, which lives not for a moment

Save in delusion. Why should these poor infants

Cling to their parents with such trusting fondness ?

What have ye done in merit of their love ?

HUGO. We love them.

MORELLI. And that love ye manifest

By your endearments, lavishing upon them

Your kisses and caresses, which you cannot

Be sparing of for your own pleasure's sake.

But spare ye nothing from your children—nothing !
Yield them your all—grovel in earth before them—
Sweat in the toil of slaves for them—tear open
Your bosom, that, if it may pleasure them,
Those lips, on which you set your seal of love,
May drain the very life-blood from your heart !
All were too little to atone the sin
That you have done against them.

HUGO.

How, my lord ?

MORELLI. Did you not give them life ? And
what is life ?

Sin, sorrow, danger, disappointment, pain,
Wounds, sickness, toil, fatigue, ennui, distress,
Deserted loneliness, friendship estranged,
Affection wronged, heart wrung, hope crushed,
fame blighted,
Remorse, despair, and phrensy—this is life !

ANDREA. My lord, when young and struggling
with the world,

Such bitter thoughts were mine ; but I have found,
With all its troubles, life is worth the having,
And so thou wouldst acknowledge, didst thou know
The blessings that are given us ; if thou wert
A father.

MORELLI. Ever may such curse be spared me !

HUGO. And sure thou hast forgotten what it is
To have a father—to be blest by him—

To bless ourselves in blessing him—to shield
His venerable head from every gale
That blows too rudely.

ANDREA. Happy wouldst thou be
If thou hadst sons like mine.

Enter ADRIAN and CARLO.

And there approaches
My youngest hope, and with him, my poor Carlo,
My brother's orphan boy, dear to my heart
As if he were my own. Observe the smile
That brightens either face—are they not happy?

ADRIAN. Joy! joy! my father! Bless me!—
need I ask it,
Blest as I am? My knee can scarce support me
Beneath the o'erwhelming weight of happiness!
Here let me lie till calmness still the brain,
Now whirled in ecstasy! My own Felicia!
Mine—yes! my own! Oh! I could weep, Felicia!

CARLO. Let not the shock of joy crush reason's
throne,
My friend.

ADRIAN. She loves me!—yes! she does—she
loves me!
Trouble me not, for I would think of this,
And all but this forget! Away! away!

CARLO. My joys are none the less, though
better mastered,
They burst not forth in an extravagance
That threatens reason. Yes, my more than father,
I am most happy that, with thy approval,
Before to-morrow's close shall Julia bless me.
But she approaches, whose consenting smile
Has phrensied Adrian.

Enter FELICIA.

ARAMETH *appears as a decrepit old woman.*

ARAMETH. Look upon me in a guise,
Visible only to thy eyes ;
She whom thou beholdest there
Is one of human birth,
The loveliest on earth ;
But of the beauty mortals wear,
If thou wouldst see
The essential worth,
Gaze at her, then gaze at me.

MORELLI. Away ! 'Tis she !—'tis she ! Oh !
Arameth !

[MORELLI *rushes to FELICIA, and falls at her feet. The others group around in wonder and anxiety. Scene closes.*

ACT FOURTH.

MORELLI *is discovered lying insensible on the summit of a hill.*

ARAMETH (*invisible*). Awake !

From the sleep
That thee doth steep,
Awake ! awake !

Dead oblivion from thee shake !
The scattered senses all
To thy mind recall !
Awake ! awake ! awake !

MORELLI. It was a vision, and a dreary one ;
But it hath past, and I am wakened now,
To what ?—to dreariness whose heavy darkness
They scarce can dream of, whom it never shrouded ;
Nor can it pass away, save with existence !
But it is well existence hath an end,
And with it ends its sorrows. I have dreamed
My curse of life eternal ; now awakened,
How glad am I to know there yet shall be

A time, that my last sigh shall with a breath
Scatter together the sorrows and the ashes
Of what was once a heart, like to a wild
Deserted, open still to the approach
Of all, yet shunned by all ; or if by any
Approached, by them approached with clogged
reluctance,
And instant fled with feathered eagerness ;
Thus the affections of mankind, to whom
My heart was ever open, have approached it
And vanished from it ; thus would hers, the bright
Creation of the vision, she who burns
My eyes, my soul, with her sun-dazzling beauty,
Which blazes on me still as if it were
Before me, though I know 'twas but a dream.
Oh, thou mysterious power ! whate'er thou art,
That giveth to the mind delusion's eyes
When sleep hath locked the body's, to what end
Hast thou this vision sent ? Wouldst madden me
With the imagination of a beauty,
Found in no world but those of thy creation ?
Whate'er thy end in that, I need not ask
Why I was linked by thee to beings as far
Above me as I deem mankind beneath me ;
'Twas to instruct me, that might it be so
Indeed, the desolation of my heart

Were none the less. And this was meant for
comfort !

'Tis the philosophy of desperation
Wrings comfort from the thought, that from the worst
No change is for the worse ; but thou hast shown
That none were for the better. Must I find
In *this* my consolation ?

ARAMETH. Morelli !

MORELLI. Ha !

ARAMETH. Morelli !

MORELLI. It was no dream then !

ARAMETH *appears*.

Fearful being ! I know thee !

ARAMETH. Time was thou didst curse thy fate,
That ungenial tie should mate
One of thy aspiring mind
To the nature of mankind.
Thy indignant aspiration
After more exalted station
Happened to arrest my ear,
As I chanced to hover near.
Then I, looking in thy soul,
Saw it dark by the control
Of sorrow, not of guilt ; I viewed
Its errors, but they were endured

With something noble ; all declared
That thou wouldst be well prepared,
From some few frailties purified,
With our spirits to abide :
And, with heaven's allowance, then
I took the form that thou dost call
Fearful, but I remember when
I told thee I could disenthral
Thee from the fellowship of men,
This form was welcome to thy sight ;
Haply thou art altered quite,
And deemest I have done thee wrong,
To raise thee from the human throng ;
Speak, and to them I thee restore.

MORELLI. Nay, let me first observe them more.

ARAMETH. And hither some this moment tend
Whose fate will much instruction lend ;
But it fits not thou shouldst claim
Their present sight ; they are the same
From whom I snatched thee in thy trance.

MORELLI. Then conceal us from their glance.

ARAMETH. Ye exhalations which arise
From the sun-clad deep,
And ascending athwart the skies,
Hiding their azure sweep,
And slowly, to darken mortal eyes,
The air displacing, creep ;

And every mortal so enshroud,
That he might think the earth had all
Evaporated in a cloud,
Now let your shadows on us fall;
Come and veil us, where we stand,
From observance, while our glance
May to all around advance;
Come! 't is Arameth's command!

[*A mist encircles the hill.*

*Enter ANDREA, HUGO, LEON, ADRIAN, Villagers,
&c., in procession, to the bridal of CARLO and
JULIA.*

Choir of Maidens.

Oh, Love! the maiden's joy and pain!
Be thou our guide to Hymen's shrine!
For his is but an iron chain
When linked by any hand but thine.
But, by thy glowing fingers twined,
His ties are as the ties that bind
The blessed soul to heaven!
But why for these should we implore
The flowery fetters, which before
Thy smile to them has given?
Of thee we need but supplicate
That ours may be as blest a fate!

LEON (*aside*). Amen, my dears ! but, prithee,
mark the end of it,
And see what you have prayed for ! Now I think
on't,
I will not say Amen ! I wish no evil,
Sad sinner as I am, but when I think
That it may work toward my gain or pleasure.
But hush ! there is another group of fools
Hemming their prelude to more prayers. Let's
hear them !

Choir of Matrons.

The ties of Hymen we have found
A wreath of blended thorns and flowers ;
Its sweetness floats our hearts around,
But with the sweets the stings are ours.
Oh, love ! we pray thee on the wreath
That shall unite these lovers, breathe
That every thorn may be scattered away,
But bloom and fragrance for ever stay !

HUGO. Immortal be their love !

LEON (*aside*). So ! it is prayed well !
But I am fooled if it speed any better
Than my own prayer—immortal be the lovers !

CARLO. Julia !

ROSA. What says my love ?

CARLO. I am in heaven !

LEON (*aside*). Thy love shall soon be there !

CARLO. This is a moment

Worthy the sufferance of a thousand ages
Of agony !

LEON (*aside*). And it is but a moment !

[JULIA shrieks and falls.

HUGO. Merciful heaven !

LEON. Aye, heaven's most merciful !

HUGO. She is dead, I fear.

CARLO. She dead ! Who dares to say it ?
'T is false !—what !—dead !—my own !—my beautiful !—

My love !—my bride ! Dead !—dead !—and now—
oh, Julia !

LEON. Thy love is now in heaven !

CARLO. I were in hell then !

Are these lips cold ? They burn my soul !

ANDREA. My son,

Seek comfort in submission.

CARLO. I will !—I will !

Say, do I weep ?

ANDREA. I would to heaven thou couldst !

CARLO. Now who shall part us, Julia ?

HUGO. See the blood

Bursts from his riven heart, and gushes forth
Through his mouth, ears, and nostrils—even his
eyes !

LEON. He is dead !

ANDREA. Why do I live !

LEON. Think of your precept—
Seek comfort in submission ! The example
Becomes you, father ; let us have no murmurs.
Since heaven saw fit to call him to itself,
The will of heaven be done !

HUGO. Behold, how changed
This countenance ! It was no deed of heaven's,
But of some devil on earth ! She has been poisoned.

LEON. Who could have done it ?

ADRIAN. Be he whom he may,
My vengeance follows him, though he should leap
To hell from its pursuit ! Is it not enough
Such sweetness is his victim, but my friend !—
My friend ! Ye heavens, hear me ! If I forgive
His murderer, deny me your forgiveness
For ever and for ever ! Hear me, my friend,
And thou, his murdered love, while thus I take
Each by the death-chilled hand, I call upon
Your spirits to attest my vow, most dearly
To have ye both avenged ! If I forget it,
Hurl upon me the due of your destroyer !

LEON. I pray you utter not such bloody thoughts ;

We cannot part her ; they encircle her
As in a marble fold.

ANDREA. Lovely they were
And pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths
They shall not be divided ; bear them thus
Together to one grave, their bridal bower !

[*Exeunt.*

MORELLI. And this is love !

ARAMETH. By the deceiver's smile allured
Until thy heaven appears secured,
But ere the first step enters there
To find, instead of hope, despair !
And she who smiled upon thy flame,
Kindling a rage too wild to tame,
When her delusions all have flown,
Still smiling, but in scorn alone !

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. Oh, this is love !

ARAMETH. Or when assured, thy truth returning,
To thine is linked thy loved one's heart,
Even in that hour ecstatic, learning
That destiny commands to part !
And in agony awaking
From the dream of blessedness,
Knowing, while thy heart is breaking,
That her own is wrung no less.
CHORUS. Oh, this is love !

ARAMETH. Or when she smiles, and every power
Smiles with her, and no bar appears ;
When vision of the nuptial hour
Thy soul in Paradise inspheres ;
When joined for ever to become,
With meeting lips and blending breath,
To yield her, in that moment, from
Thy arms into the arms of death !

CHORUS. Oh, this is love !

ARAMETH. But hark ! a mortal step is near.

Enter ADRIAN and FELICIA.

MORELLI. Arameth !

ARAMETH. In silence hear,
And let thy firmness now appear.

ADRIAN. Forgive me, my beloved, if in thy
presence

Even my hapless friend is scarce remembered,
Though dear my love to him, and dear shall be
The vengeance I shall yield him ; but beholding
My promised Paradise, can I restrain
My joy from swallowing all emotions else ?
If heaven should roll its flood of bliss to earth,
It were too much for our poor nature's weakness
To stem, and in it we must needs dissolve.
Let it not thus be with me, prithee, dearest !
The joy thy promise gives me has too much

Of heaven in it ; then rob me of a little,
Or I must die in sooth.

FELICIA. I rather question
Thou hast such cause. Consider that my promise
Was not a gift of love, but of impatience ;
And an extorted promise on occasion
May be recalled.

ADRIAN. Recalled !

FELICIA. I've thought upon it,
And find it is my duty to decline
The acceptance of a hand I do not merit ;
Nor can I merit thine, as I have not
A heart to give thee.

ADRIAN. Say what have I done
Worthy of thy displeasure or contempt ?

FELICIA. Nothing, dear Adrian. I well esteem
you,
And as a friend and brother love you dearly,
But never could I love you as a husband
Should be beloved. In pity to yourself
And me, I do beseech you but to think me
A sister. Take your heart again, and give it
To one who can repay you with her own.

ADRIAN. Patience !—are these my hopes ? Why
were they suffered
One moment ?

FELICIA. Then my heart, although not thine,
Was not as yet another's.

ADRIAN. How ! another's ?
Is it another's ? But I'll find the villain !
He bought it with his life ?—revenge ! revenge !
[*Rushes away.*]

FELICIA. Nay, I adjure thee ! Well, his madness
rages
Without an object, and so does my love.
Where can he be, the beautiful, majestic,
And noble stranger ? Was it not a vision ?
For thus he came and vanished ; and it may be
A vision that hath past away for ever !
But be it as it may, this heart is wedded
To his dear image, and this hand shall never
Be any's, if not his. Would I might meet him !
[*Exit.*]

ARAMETH. Speak, Morelli, wouldst thou not
Share with her a mortal lot,
To enjoy the love which she
Thus, unsought, hath rendered thee !

MORELLI. How would I revel in that dream of
heaven,
But that I know there is no heaven on earth !
How strong were the control of love upon me,

But that I know far heavier the control
Of misery o'er mankind. Even if her love
Could make the every moment of existence
A perfect joy, what were that joy's remembrance
When she were torn from me, and hid in the
grave?

ARAMETH. Fear not living to deplore her;
Rather hope to die before her.

MORELLI. And leave her wretched? No!
Better than either
Should mourn a separation, that we never
Should be united, even to be most blest.
And were no other motive to dissuade me
From being a mortal's partner, in the fear
Of being a mortal's father were enough.

ARAMETH. Yes, it might be truly said
That it were a thing to dread,
A mortal's father to become,
If this mortal life were all;
But it now is time that from
Thy mental eyes the film should fall,
That so darkly shades to thee
Of mankind the destiny.
Every mortal sire indeed,
Oft must for his offspring bleed;
Oft must broken-hearted mourn
When they to the grave are borne;

Or with heavier grief oppress,
Their existence see unblest ;
Or exclaim, in anguish far
More despairing, when they are
Plunged in infamy and sin,—
“Better they had never been !”
The darkest this ; the brightest side
Should thy observance now divide,
Which to thee I have not shown
Hitherto, till thou hast known
What existence would appear,
Were indeed its finis here,
As some fiends in human guise,
By their damning sophistries,
Merely to insure their name
The applause of fools, of heaven the blame,
To persuade mankind would joy,
And all comfort thus destroy.

MORELLI. Nay, such are not the doubts by which
my mind

Is darkened ; not a moment have I questioned
There is a life to come, and for the good
A happier ; but observing that the number
Of such is few, that far the greater part
Sinning, as suffering here, shall find hereafter
No end to suffering, how can I but question
That 't were not better none were ever born,

Even to good, than such a multitude
To evil.

ARAMETH. All are born to pain.

But none to sin, by which alone

Bliss they lose and anguish gain,

For their hereafter ; all are thrown

Indeed amid temptation's snares,

But none are there compelled to fall,

Nor err by any will but theirs ;

For the power is given to all

Nobly to win, or basely lose

The victory o'er them, as they choose.

Even we, the sinless, painless race,

Whose nature thou aspir'st to share,

May envy that thou scorn'st to bear ;

Yes, willingly would we embrace

The evils whence we are exempt,

And follies moving our contempt,

And all would undergo that tries

Mankind, were but the trial done

As soon, and then such trophy won,

A crown immortal in the skies,

To which we never can arise.

Here, though oft the parent grieves

For the pain his child receives,—

Here though oft the child forlorn

May curse the hour that he was born,

When on earth their short career
Is finished, and they shall appear
Together in the realms of rest,
Blest the sire shall be most blest,
To say before the throne divine,
“Here, my God, am I with mine !”
In that happy hour the child,

Deeming all he sustained on earth
Trifles at which he should have smiled,
Will bless the hour that gave him birth,
To dwell amid the angelic choir,
In delight that palleth never,
With his sire, and Him, the sire
Of all, for ever and for ever !

MORELLI. Oh, say no more ! I should have
thought of this !

I have been unwise ! Restore my human nature,
Restore it, Arameth ! I little care
What sufferings it may bring me, or how long
Those sufferings may endure, so that at last
I may accomplish heaven. My God ! I thank thee
That I was born a mortal, to become
A blest immortal ! Pardon me, sweet heaven !
That scornful of the nature thou hadst given me,
I’ve risked thy dearest blessing ! Oh, restore it !

ARAMETH. Thou canst resume it at thy will,
But it were better thou shouldst still

Thy superhuman nature keep,
For before it is resigned,
Power it gives thou canst employ,
Either, for thyself, to reap
All of earth thou wouldst enjoy,
Or some to bless among mankind.
Be careful which thou choosest from
The occasions that for this shall come,
For once when thou employ'st this power,
It shall forsake thee from that hour.

MORELLI. I shall employ it well, or if I do not,
My will is not to blame. Now, Arameth,
Convey me whither I may best observe
Who needs my aidance most.

ARAMETH. Extend thy hand.

Spirits of the rosy gale,
Let him on your pinions sail,
Hovering over sea and land,
Till to pause I give command.
Ye obey me?

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. We obey.

ARAMETH. Then away!

CHORUS. Away! away! -

ACT FIFTH.

Scene—The Garden.

ANDREA enters, meeting LEON with the children of
HUGO bloody and lifeless in his arms.

ANDREA. Oh, God ! what do I see ?

LEON. Alas ! my father !

A pitiful sight is this ! And my poor brother !—
Truly my heart would break, but it becomes not
Poor sinners to repine at heaven's dispose.

ANDREA. Say, whence this awful chance ?

LEON. This little fellow,

Happening to brawl about some toy or other
With his poor sister, struck her ; this their father
Observing, struck the boy. Oh, fatal rashness !
He fell upon the mangling rocks below,
And she leaped after him as if to save him,
And perished with him. Why is man the sport
Of passionate impulse, that forgets itself
To those most dear ?

ANDREA. Alas !

LEON. But yonder comes
The wretched father.

Enter HUGO.

HUGO. I gave but to recall! Where is their
mother?
She had no share in their death.

LEON. And haply thou
As little in their life.

HUGO. You make me smile,
Thinking to cheat my madness with a hope
That—would I were so fooled!—could I forget
These children were my own, I were most happy?
'T were but a thing to laugh at, had this hand
Made childless all mankind so it had spared
My own; I'd think it dripping in its crimson
As white as innocence! Who calls him bloody
That slaughtered all the innocents of Judea?
Was he their father?

LEON. In my apprehension
As much as thou of these.

HUGO. Fiend! dare not mock me!

LEON. No—I would comfort thee.

HUGO. Thou comfort me!
And what art thou?

ANDREA. 'Tis true, my son, from man
No comfort canst thou find, yet heaven can send it.

HUGO. And will, belike ! But let its angels
shoot

To earth, with consolation on their wings,
Deem you I'll thank them ? Rather will I curse
them

That they prevented not what cannot be
Redeemed by even them !

LEON. Thy misery
Blasphemes.

HUGO. And I must hush it in submission ?
And so I will ! However it be questioned,
These knees can bend ; their sinews are not iron.
But oh ! my heart ! my heart !

ANDREA. Unhappy boy !
Heaven knows it is thy anguish, not thyself,
Speaks thus, and heaven forgives thee !

LEON. My father, may we not infer
When one sinks into guilt upon the sudden,
He may have slipped before ?

ANDREA. And what of this ?

LEON. Had I a wife who long appeared most true,
Yet faithless proved at last, might I not think
She had before deceived me, and her children
Were none of mine ?

ANDREA. What then ?

LEON. Why then I question
Those were my brother's children.

HUGO. Ha!

LEON. Thy wife

Being now convicted false.

HUGO. False?

LEON. False, by heaven!

HUGO. By hell, thou art false thyself!

ANDREA. Kill not thy brother.

HUGO. Has he not killed her fame?

LEON. I do repent me:

I spoke too hastily methinks.

HUGO. Forgive me

My violence then; but they were words to make me

Forget a brother spoke them.

LEON. My suspicions

Having no certainty, I did not well

To utter them.

HUGO. Oh, speak!

LEON. Thou hast enough

Of sorrow now.

HUGO. Speak! Dare no more torment me!

ANDREA. What means this?

LEON. When you hear it, pray
remember

That you *would* hear it. Yet, if I hope rightly,

No mischief's in it. She may take a ride,

Meaning no harm, howbeit, by the array

Of her and her companion, and the speed

Of their dark coursers, it is not unlikely
The ride may be a far one.

HUGO. Her companion!—
Dark coursers! Darkness!—devils!—who was with
her?

LEON. The stranger whom our father introduced.

HUGO. Fled, say you?—fled? Marina!—my
Marina!

Thy Hugo calls thee!

LEON. Hers were a good ear
To know it at this distance.

HUGO. What is all this?
My children murdered, and my wife—my wife—
What did I hear?—something about my wife?

LEON. Rather a wretch to whom that name is
forfeit

By her unworthiness.

HUGO. And she has fled
Lest she should see the murderer of her children?
Away! away! away! fly from the air
Polluted with their blood and with my breath!
Nay, pause not *there*, for it was *there* they perished,
And perished by this hand!—yes, mine!—their
father's!

Hast thou no lightnings, heaven!—has hell no fires,
This murderous limb to wither?

LEON. Other matters

Require thy thoughts, for it will not be long
Before the stranger's pleasure, or expedience,
Returns thy wife.

HUGO. What said you of my wife?
But do not answer me—why should you speak
When these are silent? They have called me
“*Father!*”

As I remember! Oh, 't was sweet to hear them!
And now they will not speak!—oh, never!—never!
—never!

Their life will not return lest I destroy it
Again; it will not fear their mother thus:
I'll send her to recall it. [*Exit.*

LEON. He forgets
In his poor children's fate his wife's dishonor;
For that I blame him not; the innocent
Alone are dear, or should be so. No wife
Lost in this way was ever worth the having.

Enter ADRIAN and FELICIA.

ADRIAN. I have been dashed
From heaven, my father! My Felicia—mine?
Alas! not mine! She has recalled the promise
That blessed me! Intercede for me, my father!

ANDREA. Not now—not now; I am too full of
sorrow
To speak of anything. Look there!

ADRIAN. Oh, God !
My eyes are drowned in blood !

Re-enter HUGO.

HUGO. She will return,
But not to us ! How will she laugh on the way
To think of the dear welcome we shall give her !
And she will come—to find us in the grave !
And she will weep above us ! Can the dead
Speak words of comfort ?

ANDREA. Would the living could
To thee or to myself !

LEON. I can but say,
If 't is the will of heaven, all yet can end well.

MORELLI *appears*.

MORELLI. It shall, but not for thee.

LEON. Behold the villain !

ANDREA. Seize him !

LEON (*aside*). What charm is this ? My
arm refuses
To rise against him !

MORELLI. I am not the villain
Ye seek, but can instruct you where to find him.
Why should the hypocrite exult that all
His deeds of evil are unseen of men ?
Fool, to forget that at the bar of heaven

They must be all, before assembled worlds,
Unveiled in all their darkness. As for thee (*to LEON*),
I charge thee here with what thou must acknowledge
Hereafter. Fearing that she would betray
The villany thou hadst designed her honor,
And mad with disappointment, thou hast poisoned
The innocent Julia.

ADRIAN. Is it so? Speak, villain!

LEON. Provoke me, boy!—you had best!

ANDREA. Oh, part them! part them!

MORELLI. Good youth, I pray you leave him to
the fate

That heaven appoints him. But before condemned,
sir,

Take your own time to coin a vindication
Ingenious as you please; you shall be heard,
But, be assured, I know you.

LEON (*aside*). Have I met
The eyes that mine must shrink from? Furies
blast them!

ARAMETH (*invisible*). Yet, Morelli, hesitate;
Were it not better thou shouldst choose
For thyself thy power to use,
To make thee wealthy, mighty, great?
Lord of kingdoms wouldst thou be?
Speak, and they are rendered thee!

Wouldst thou fortune's floods control?
Speak, and at thy feet they roll!
Burns thy brow for glory's rays?
Speak, and they around thee blaze!
Sighest thou for beauty's charms?
Speak, and she is in thy arms!
All are offered to thy choice,
Waiting only for thy voice.

MORELLI. And I forego them all. I rather choose
To employ what power I may in blessing others,
To balm the wounds of sorrow, to redeem
The innocent from villany's oppression;
And even this alone methinks were worth
The sacrifice of my unearthly nature;
For what could that impart me like the pure
And happy consciousness of being a blessing
To my afflicted fellow-creatures? Nothing.

ARAMETH. Ask thy heart, and then declare,
In this choice has love no share?

MORELLI. Let the event reply. Appear! appear!

ARAMETH *appears, with* MARINA *insensible.*

HUGO. Is not that my Marina? Ha! I was told,
But surely it was false! Oh! speak to me!
Still silent, my Marina? Her eyes are closed;
Is it in sleep or death? Let it be death!

Yes, let eternal slumber from her eyes
Conceal her children and their murderous father !

MORELLI (*to LEON*). It pains me, for thy sake,
thou pitiless fiend,
That I must dwell with men, since men can darken
Their nature with such guilt as thine.

LEON. Guilt, say you ?
Remember how the good old man, my father,
With pride has held me up as an example
Of human virtue. Well ! what have I done ?
Poisoned a woman ! Why, she was a woman,
And could tell foolish tales not worth the hearing ;
My virtue silenced her. What else ? I veiled
My brother's wife from all inquisitive eyes
(As I believed), and for a virtuous purpose,
No doubt ? What think you now of human virtue ?

HUGO. And thou art innocent, my love ? I
knew it,
Guilt has not torn thee from me, but I fear
Death will ! Ah, heaven ! those eyes,—those dear
eyes open,
And smile upon me ! Speak, my sweet Marina !
Art thou returned, my love ?

MARINA. My dearest Hugo !
But tell me where we are, and who are those ?

LEON. Aye, who are *those* ?

MARINA. Merciful heavens ! my children !

MORELLI. Say, wouldst thou have them live ?

HUGO. How canst thou ask it ?

MARINA. Oh, save them, if thou canst !

MORELLI. There yet is in them

A particle of life, although no power
Of earth can waken it into a flame,
Which I, by my unearthly power, will do,
Though using it, I forfeit. By that power
I lay this curse upon yon scowling villain !—
His next deed, let it be in its intent
Or good or evil, shall restore your children.

LEON. Since I have found hypocrisy so faithless,
No more of sanctity for me ! But do not
Mistake me ; think not that my voice can shape
A penitential whine ; or yonder stranger,
Be what he may, can have a power upon me
To make me either will your good, or do it.
Thus I defy him and his power ?

[Stabs himself.]

ANDREA. Oh, horror !

LEON. Nay, trouble not yourselves. Haply you
think

I am unfit to die, but take my word for it,
I'm now as well prepared for death as ever
I can be ; not a moment's penitence
Could find me, should I live a thousand ages !
The world to come—but I've not been the fool

To trouble myself with any thought of that
In life, then why in death ? My sword !—my sword !
Death is a sluggard, and I am not willing
The power of good should sooner overtake me.
Give me my sword !—thou wilt not ? Will thy pity
Bestow the stroke this arm appears too weak for ?

MORELLI. Ye spirits by whom
Was given the bloom
Unearthly I wear ;
Recalling my doom
To earth and the tomb,
Who raised me to share
Your dwellings of air ;
In this the last hour
I partake of your power,—

Let my power with your highest and freest compare.
Be this weapon in my hand,
Holy as an angel's wand ;
Be the dripping guilty blood
Like the consecrated flood
That in Paradise is flowing,
Life, where'er it strays, bestowing.
Now, ye living, lifeless two,
I sprinkle ye with bloody dew,
By every drop upon you falling,
The spirit in its flight recalling.

Now it is returning fast—
Now 't is come !—the spell is past—
Yet his triumph to avow,
Death will meet us all at last !
You and I are mortal now !

(The children start to the embrace of their parents.)

LEON. I care not what ye are, but make no
question

That I am mortal. Could I in the grave
Behold one curse accomplished, I'd bequeathe you
A thousand ; but no matter. My good father,
A word with thee. Thy fatherly affection
Haply may give my grave a stone inscribed,
"Erected by the most bereaved of fathers
To the most excellent of sons." Remember
To add a line, which in my commendation
Shall say thus much,—though not her faithful
servant

In life, I'd more to do with truth in death
Than, or in life or death, full many a saint
Whose dying speeches have been chronicled
For others to repeat on the occasion.

Adieu ! forget me not ?

[Dies.]

ANDREA.

Oh, God of heaven !

MORELLI. Be not so agonized! While these are
happy,
As they deserve to be, joy in their joy,
And be that wretch forgotten!

ANDREA. Can he be
Forgiven?

MORELLI (*to FELICIA*). Lady, most fair thou art,
and I believe
Most excellent, and worth the sacrifice
Of all accounted high, save the approval
Of conscience and of heaven, whose condemnation
Were merited, if, even for thy possession,
I should inflict upon a fellow creature
The agonies to which the loss of thee
Would doom this youth. His love is not unworthy
A recompense. As I unite your hands
May heaven unite your hearts!

ADRIAN. Thou generous being,
Is it sin to worship thee?

MORELLI. How blest I feel!
How glad I am that I have rather chosen
The privilege of doing good to others,
Than all presented for my own advantage!
Now, Arameth!

ARAMETH. This choice of thine
Upon thee calls the smile divine

Of Him above, who wills to thee
A recompense that cannot be
Accorded by this world or mine.
The bloom, the vigor, and the pride
Of youth, which in thy age thou wearest,
By age like thine has been denied
To all of earth, though once its fairest :
And thee no longer must I save
From the decree on mortals spoken ;
To time's corruption and the grave
Earth calls thee back. The spell is broken.

(MORELLI *falls on the ground as an old man in
extreme decrepitude.*)

ARAMETH. Know ye not, ye sons of earth,
That for death ye have your birth ?
That your Maker placed you here
But to seek a better sphere,
Which attained, will be forgot
All the ills of mortal lot.
Care not then if o'er your path
Hover fortune's smile or wrath,
But alike, through good and ill,
Onward, heavenward, struggle still.
Thou, Morelli, thou hast known
It is mercy's doom alone

Sends the angel of the grave,
From the ills of life to save.
Dreaded could no curse appear
Than to be immortal here,
Or in any world, save where
Angels bliss eternal share ;
Now to dwell with them arise,
Be immortal in the skies !
Give thy body to the sod,
Give thy spirit to its God !

CHORUS OF SPIRITS. Give thy body to the sod,
Give thy spirit to its God !

ARAMETH. Now 't is done ! On angel wings
Forth the bright immortal springs !
Mortals, would ye follow him
To the blessed cherubim ?
Love your Maker and mankind,
And the path to heaven ye find.
Here your life was only given
That ye thus might seek for heaven ;
Here death cometh but to bear
The delivered spirit there.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO MY WIFE.

THE winds of March are loose again,
And, shrinking from the piercing air,
I shudder at the thought of pain
That I have borne, and yet may bear ;
But while the scenes return to view,
Which seemed to be my last on earth,
Returns the heavenly picture too
Of all thy love, and all thy worth !

Thy matchless love, that bore thee up
Through trials few have heart to brave ;
That shrank not from the bitter cup
Of anguish, which my anguish gave ;
That, while thy noble heart was wrung
With pity, tenderness, and grief,
Still o'er my couch of suffering hung,
To give me comfort and relief.

A common love might weep and sigh,
To spare its grief, my presence shun,
And in its weakness let me die,
Lamented much, but aided none ;
Thy nobler nature rose above
All trials, so they gave me aid,
And on the altar of thy love
Thy heart a sacrifice was laid.

Thy sighs were hushed, thy tears suppress,
Lest I thy sorrow should divine ;
Thy eyes refused their needful rest,
To watch the fitful sleep of mine :
No sharer in a task so dear
And sacred would thy love allow ;
By day and night, still hovering near,
My "MINISTERING ANGEL" thou !

Thou wast my dearest hope on earth
Since first I met thy welcome sight ;
But never had I known thy worth
'Till in affliction's darkest night.
Oh, then thy peerless goodness shone,
A star amid the gloom profound,
Dispersed the clouds above me thrown,
And scattered heavenly radiance round.

The God of mercy heard thy prayer,
When hope itself receded fast,
And gave to thy unwearied care
The life that seemed already past ;
That life I ever would employ
To bless thee, and thy love repay—
To give thee comfort, peace, and joy,
To be thy friend, thy shield, thy stay.

I will not at the past repine,
Though the remembrance wakes a sigh—
To know the worth of love like thine
'Twere well to suffer or to die !
But ah ! at once its worth to know
And to enjoy its fulness, *live !*
No greater favor heaven can show,
And earth has nothing more to give.

SHE CALLS ME FATHER.

SHE calls me "father!"—though my ear
That thrilling name shall never hear,
Yet to my heart affection brings
The sound in sweet imaginings;
I feel its gushing music roll
The stream of rapture on my soul;
And when she starts to welcome me,
And when she totters to my knee,
And when she climbs it to embrace
My bosom for a hiding-place,
And when she nestling there reclines,
And with her arms my neck entwines,
And when her lips of roses seek
To press their sweetness on my cheek,
Or when upon my careful breast
I lull her to her cherub rest,
The heart to which I hold my dove
Swells with unutterable love!

A FATHER'S DIRGE.

My hopes are blighted, and I feel
An anguish I may not reveal ;
And fain I would retire apart
Where common eyes may not intrude,
Who care not for the sanctitude
Of sorrow in a father's heart.
But I have duties to perform
To others, who have claims as strong,
And still must struggle with the storm
Of life, amid the careless throng ;
And veil the secret of my breast
With smile for smile, and jest for jest,
While fain I would sit down and rest
Beside my darling's clay !
Yes—for my wife's and children's sake,
I'll bid my energies awake,
And nerve the heart that swells to break,
To be their shield and stay.

But, oh ! the sorrow, when I come
From weary work to lonely home,

To miss that face, whose pleasant sight
Gave to that home a heavenly light !
At hour of rest, how sad to miss
The comfort of her parting kiss !
And every morning when I wake
This lonely heart is nigh to break,
For ever when I rose from sleep,
Beside me smiled her cherub face,
And close and closer she would creep
To nestle in my heart's embrace !
But now at every wonted spot
I seek her, and I find her not ;
Save that at times before my eyes
Distempered fancy bids her rise
As last I saw her, night and day
Gasping her little life away !
And then my anguish and despair
Become too terrible to bear !

Yet, my beloved ! though I must mourn,
And nothing can my grief beguile,
I should rejoice that thou wast born
To bless me, though but for a while.
The love that lightened up thy eyes,
And smiled on thy angelic face,
Was such a glimpse of Paradise,
As, though but for a little space,

A sacred influence has left
Of which we cannot be bereft,
And tells us what the heavens must be
That for a moment lent us thee,
And fires our zeal to persevere
To meet thee in that better sphere,
Where yet we trust redeemed to stand,
And lead our darling by the hand,
Thou best of all our hearts held dear !

If thou canst see us from above,
At last thou knowest all the love,
Nor words nor tears could tell ;
Thou readest in thy father's heart,
Of which thou wast the dearest part,
A love unspeakable !
And thou dost love me, my sweet child,
And thy affections from the skies
Come down to bless me, till I rise
To meet them, pure and undefiled ;
Oh, let me then be reconciled,
And conquer passion's bitterness,
For why should we deplore
That earth has now one sufferer less,
And heaven one angel more !
The sun rose glorious on thy birth,
As if he welcomed thee to day,

And shone as glorious, when to earth
We gave thy cold unconscious clay.
I saw him on his noonday throne,
In summer's proudest hour,
And thought, of all he looked upon,
Thou wast the fairest flower !
Where art thou now ?

Nay, it is weak,
'Tis wrong, that gloomy grave to seek !—
Let Faith and Hope unveil the skies
A moment to affection's eyes !
Look up, my soul ! and there behold
A heavenly form with locks of gold,
That shade a brow divinely bright,
And float upon her wings of light ;
All Paradise is in her face,
And in her smile celestial grace ;
She looks upon us from above
With pity and undying love,
And gently beckons to her home—
I come, my Anna !—soon I come !
And till we meet, will strive and pray
To keep upon the only way,
Nor more repine that thou dost rest
Upon a Heavenly Father's breast !

THE WATCHES OF THE NIGHT.

IN the watches of the night,
When the world is hushed to sleep,
Comes my anguish strong and deep,
Like a torrent at its height,
Rushing with resistless might,
Every barrier down to sweep ;
Parts the darkness like a veil,
And reveals my dying dove,
With her patient face and pale,
And her sweet blue eyes of love,
Sadly looking into mine,
Till they every look resign.
Now returns the scene of death—
Slowly gasps away her breath ;
Now the lips that were my bliss
Move as for a parting kiss ;
Now she gives a feeble start,
As to nestle to my heart !

How its breaking fibres thrill !
All is over !—from my sight
Fades the vision of the night,
And the night is darker still !

Day returns—thou swelling breast,
Hush ! and hide thy sacred guest !

Forth into the world I go—
Hollow laugh and ribald jest
Round me bandy to and fro ;
And I look and list the while
With a forced and feeble smile,
Bitter mockery of woe !
Common talk of common things,
Like the buzz of insect wings,
Brushes o'er my weary mind,
And I answer in some kind,
What I hardly care or know.

Nay, my soul, this is not well !
Rouse thee from thy stern despair,
Crush the thoughts that would rebel,
Nobly bear what thou *must* bear !
Leave it to the common crew
In their sorrow to be weak ;—
In the might of anguish seek
Might to bear and might to do ;

Gather up thy inmost strength—
To some earnest task apply ;
So shalt thou escape at length
Thoughts that else would bid me die !

THOU from whom all blessings came !
Thou who dost at will reclaim !
Thou who the GREAT FATHER art,
And in every parent's breast
Strongest feelings hast imprest,
Sweetest, purest, holiest,
Yet canst rend a parent's heart,
Snapping all its links apart !

Thou who didst the boon bestow,
Once my comfort, hope, and pride,
Yet removed it at a blow—

May that blow be sanctified !
Though my heart is sorely tried—

Though my hopes are in the dust,
In thy wisdom I confide,
In thy boundless mercy trust !

MY BOY.

My boy ! my boy ! what hopes and fears
Are prophets of thy future years !
How many smiles—how many tears
 Shall glisten o'er this face !
This eye, so innocently bright,
May kindle with a wilder light,
 In pleasure's maddening chase :
This brow, where quiet fancies lie,
May proudly lift itself on high,
 In fierce ambition's race ;
This form, so beautiful, so blithe,
May waste in sickness, or may writhe
 In agony's embrace ;
This cheek may lose its healthful blush,
For sorrow's languor, passion's flush,
 Or thought's corrosive trace ;—
But of all evils that may come,
My prayer the most would shield thee from
 The guilty or the base.

Thy heritage is but my name ;
Then prize its purity of fame,
And shield it from disgrace ;
And if that name have some renown,
May it be thine a brighter crown
Upon it yet to place !
For should a prouder wreath be thine
Than ever was or shall be mine,
The more will be my joy—
The vanity of fame I've found ;
Still could I wish its laurels crowned,
My boy ! my only boy !

And yet, should genius never roll
Its inspiration on thy soul,
Nor gift thee with the might
To image such creations forth
As crown "the Minstrel of the North,"*
Imperishably bright ;
Or with a Shakspeare's Muse of fire
Up to the highest heaven aspire,
The sun of every sight—
If science shall not in thy mind
Unfold a beacon to mankind,
Amid the mental night ;

* Walter Scott.

Or if thy arm shall never wield
A hero's sword, on conquest's field,
To guard thy country's right—
If all the glorious hopes be vain
That often float athwart my brain
In visions of delight—
Still thou as fully canst complete
The hope—of all most dear and sweet
That may my mind employ—
All other wreaths I can resign,
So virtue's trophies may be thine,
My boy! my only boy!

THE CHARMS OF WOMAN.

THE glittering stars we admire,
And the sun on his throne in the skies;
And we worship the lovelier fire
That sparkles in woman's sweet eyes;
The bloom of the flourishing roses
Delight to the eyes can impart,
And the bloom that dear woman discloses
Has far more delight for the heart.

How sweetly the zephyrs are throwing
The fragrance they snatch from the flowers !
How sweeter the breath that is flowing
From the pure lips of woman to ours !
Whatever around thee thou meetest,
The spell of delight that can lend,
The brightest, the fairest, the sweetest,
In woman far lovelier blend.

Her eyes have a heavenly splendor,
But if virtue have kindled its star
In her soul, its resplendence will lend her
A light that is lovelier far !
Her breath has a sweetness when blending
With ours in the pure kiss of love ;
Far sweeter that breath when ascending
In prayer to her Maker above.

When in one all the charms are united
On the soul and the senses that steal,
When we gaze on her softness delighted,
Or when to her brightness we kneel,
However those beauties may ravish,
And fetter the soul and the eyes,
Not on them all our thoughts should we lavish,
But spare one, at least, for the skies.

If the light of her eyes we admire,
Oh, what is the glory of HIM,
From whom heaven's eyes had the fire,
To which even beauty's were dim !
Who the blaze to Apollo has given,
Which the stars to behold cannot bear !
What splendor on earth or in heaven
Can with its Creator's compare ?

If all the creation discloses
Such beauty our homage to claim,
How awful a beauty reposes
On the brow of the God whence it came !
When woman upon you has laid her
Control, while you love and adore,
Oh, think of the BEING who made her,
And love him and worship him more !

TO MRS. MARY B.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

LADY ! thy friends may well unite
To hail the hour that gave thee birth ;
For it might seem a child of light
That moment came from heaven to earth.

I speak not of the form or face,
Though both might claim the poet's song ;
With every charm of beauty's grace,
Diviner charms to thee belong.

The sense of duty, pure and high,
Which gives the orphans in thy care
All that a mother can supply,
And in thy heart an equal share :

True friendship that can never fade,
Affection won by manly worth,
Which well bestowed, and well repaid,
Can make a Paradise on earth.

Good humor's smile, for ever bright,
That casts a sunshine all around,
Truth in her spotless robe of light,
And virtue like a seraph crowned !

These are the charms that most express
A mind with more of heaven than earth—
Friends, husband, children, all may bless
The auspicious hour that gave it birth !

A VALENTINE TO MY WIFE.

TWELVE years ago ! how swift their flight,
Since first thy fate was linked with mine !
How much they brought of dark or bright
To crown thy love, or prove its might,
My faithful Valentine !

Twelve years ago, my chosen bride !
How proud was I to call thee mine !
But more my love, and more my pride,
Since years on years thy worth have tried,
My precious Valentine !

It may be sorrow and despair
At times have wrung this heart of mine ;
But to thy love I could repair,
And find my peace and solace there, ·
My sweetest Valentine !

And every joy that I may know,
When kinder fortune seems to shine,
Wins from thy smile a brighter glow—
To see thee happy makes me so,
My dearest Valentine !

Sweet mother of the cherub boy,
Round whom our fondest hopes entwine !
May he his coming years employ
To be thy comfort, pride, and joy,
And bless my Valentine !

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

“OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.”

OFTEN while I sit apart
Comes a yearning of the heart,
With a sense of loneliness
Hard to bear or to express ;
Then of ill-repaid affections
Throng the saddest recollections,
And of friends I used to know
Till the hour to prove them so !
Friendship then a fable seems,
Love, the most absurd of dreams.

Thus I sit and muse alone—
Sudden comes a fairy face,
Dimpling with a smile divine ;
Glides a tiny hand in mine,
And a little arm is thrown
Round my neck with winning grace ;
And a pair of sweet blue eyes
Look in mine with quaint surprise,

And a lip of roses pouts
In assurance of a kiss—
Care be hanged !—away with doubts !
Love is truth !—and life is bliss !

Potent as the harp divine,
David played to moody Saul,
Comes her spirit upon mine,
When of gloom the saddest thrall,
And away the shadows run,
Like the clouds before the sun !
Blessings on the little fairy
Whose affections, frank and artless,
Prove the world not wholly heartless !—
Thou wilt not forsake me, MARY !

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

WHAT millions live to-day
As they might ever stay,
How soon to pass away !
 Sweet face and lofty brow,
So pleasant now to see—
Alas ! where will they be
 A hundred years from now ?

The sage with silver hair,
Proud youth and maiden fair,
Time will not pause to spare—
 Glad childhood's sunny brow,
The infant's dimpling face—
All gone without a trace,
 A hundred years from now !

The ills we scarce sustain,
The trouble and the pain
That vex the heart and brain,

And wring the calmest brow—
All, serious as they seem,
Fade, a forgotten dream,
A hundred years from now !

The time seems far away,
Yet will not long delay ;
It comes with every day
That goes, we know not how !
Howe'er thy lot be cast,
'Tis all the same at last,
A hundred years from now.

In all but *this* the same—
Some few may leave a name,
A monument of fame
That time shall never bow,
Or heavenly-thoughted page,
To consecrate our age
A hundred years from now !

AMBITION.

ADDRESSED TO MY SON.

WHEN I was young, my noble boy !
Ambition filled my ardent mind ;
I thought I could my powers employ
To be a blessing to mankind.
Statesman or hero, bard or sage,
I thought I might achieve a name
To stand the glory of the age,
And flourish in immortal fame.
Romantic dreams ! how swift they fled,
Dispersed in even childhood's day !
In every path I wished to tread
Misfortune sternly barred the way !
Some little good I may have wrought,
And penned some not inglorious songs ;
But opened no new worlds of thought,
Nor saved a people from their wrongs.
Thou too wilt own ambition's sway :—
No matter so it prompt no sin—
I care not if its voice should say,
Be all thy father should have been !

Ambition is of various kinds,
And even in the child proclaims
The cast of great or common minds,
According to its various aims.
Some place in dress their only pride,
While some affect a ruffian air,
Some aim at most to dance or ride,
Or on the stage to rant and swear ;
Some with ambition meaner still,
Their honor seek in deeds of shame,
For virtue choose the worst of ill,
The worst of names their proudest name !
Such fancies sway the vulgar breast,
And may become the fools at least,
Who think that man was made at best
To be partaker with the beast !
But those to whom the Lord hath given
A portion of the spark divine,
May tread on earth—but look to heaven—
And more and more their souls refine !

My son ! to wisdom give thy heart !
Improve thy God-imparted mind !
The mind is our celestial part,
More heavenly as the more refined !
Employ thy thoughts on nobler things
Than those that with the body die !

Mount thy ambition on the wings
Of virtue that ascends the sky !
So shall thy soul, while yet confined
To earth, its heavenly kindred claim,
And thou shalt move among mankind,
An angel in a mortal frame.

MY DARLING LITTLE MARY.

WHEN childhood shall have flown away,
And youth its bloom shall lend thee,
May all the bliss of childhood's day
And innocence attend thee ;
Nor may a heart so pure and blest
For guilt or sorrow vary,
That now are strangers to thy breast,
My darling little Mary.

When beauty's glow is on thee thrown,
May it be thy endeavor
Not outward charms to win alone,
But those that perish never ;

Since all the charms that meet the eye
Are not more bright than airy,
Be thine the charms that never die,
My darling little Mary !

On earth may Mary long repay
The fondness of a mother,
And from this world when called away
By death to seek another,
May angels her pure spirit bear
To bliss that cannot vary,
And may a mother welcome there
Her darling little Mary !

THE MOTHER'S PRIDE.

YES, she is beautiful indeed !
The soft blue eyes, the raven hair,
The brow where pleasant thoughts we read,
The radiant smile, the winning air,

The cherub form of perfect grace,
Whose fairy steps in music glide—
And oh ! that sweet, that heavenly face !
Well may she be her mother's pride !

Yet may she nobler pride awake
Than all external charms impart ;
'T is not alone for beauty's sake
We hold her in our inmost heart—
Her sunny soul, her spotless mind,
Where comes no thought to shun or hide,
Her artless love, her feelings kind,
Have made her more her mother's pride.

Then come to me, my cherished child,
And, bending o'er my shoulder, fling
Thy raven tresses, rolling wild,
In many a soft and sunny ring !
Look up in fondness to my face,
And thine upon my bosom hide,—
Close—closer, to my heart's embrace,
My sweetest joy !—my fondest pride !

THE POWER OF AFFECTION.

THE world is full of pain and harm,
And life at best is little worth,
Yet pure affection is a charm
That almost makes a heaven of earth.

'T is true we often find it frail
And transient as a morning flower ;
Yet, for a time, it can prevail
Where helpless every earthlier power.

If even she whose welcome love
Once saved me from the worst of care,
Should like the rest forgetful prove,
And leave me to my soul's despair,—

Still the impression of the past
Will comfort many a lonely hour,
And still the sweet remembrance last
Like fragrance of a faded flower !

But no !—whoever may forsake,
To doubt my cherub were unjust !—
Come, darling ! to my heart, and take
Its perfect love and perfect trust !

THE RINGLET.

THOUGH to thee this little tress
Brings no thought of loveliness,
Nothing that my eye can meet
For that eye hath charm as sweet ;
Nor such witchery is spread
By the locks on beauty's head ;
Whether their dishevelled dance
Floats in wild luxuriance,
Or their gently waving rings
Fall in sunny glistenings ;
Or in their ambrosial wreath
Violets and roses breathe ;
Or in regal band controlled,
They entwine with gems and gold—
Whether, their light clusters through,
Peeps the laughing eye of blue ;

Or the shade of raven wing,
O'er the eye of night they fling.
Know, if thou wouldst have me tell
Whence it hath derived a spell,
Far all other charms above—
'T was her first fond gift of love.

MY LOVE LOVES ME.

Oh, there is a song that the young heart sings
That forth in a fountain of music springs,
As fresh as the dance of the streams set free ;—
“ I love my love, and my love loves me !”

Sweetest and dearest, fondest and best,
While with thy presence no longer blest,
My heart murmurs o'er, as it strays to thee,
“ I love my love, and my love loves me !”

And thou, my beloved, when I leave thy sight,
It soothes me to think that thou wilt delight
To murmur the song I taught to thee,
“ I love my love, and my love loves me.”

We had not the pleasures to others known ;
A better, a dearer, is ours alone,
To whisper our hearts in their secret glee,
“ I love my love, and my love loves me !”

And oh ! when again I welcome thy face—
When again I clasp thee in fond embrace,
To me wilt thou whisper, and I to thee,—
“ I love my love, and my love loves me !”

BROKEN TIES.

Go—I from my soul disclaim thee ;
Mine I never more shall name thee ;
By the love that thou hast slighted,
By the joy that thou hast blighted,
By the fairy visions vanished,
Ingrate, go ! for ever banished !

By the promise vainly spoken,
By the heart thou wouldst have broken,
Did not strength of soul sustain me
That I mourn not, but disdain thee,—

Go, for ever from me driven !—
Go, forgotten—not forgiven !

When thou findest all around thee
Faithless, worthless, as I found thee,
Thou shalt learn the worth to measure
Of the heart thou wouldst not treasure ;
But in vain thy soul's repentance,
Irrevocable the sentence—
Go, for ever, from me driven !—
Go, forgotten !—not forgiven !

THE BATTLE OF THE SNAKES..

AN EPISTLE TO CATHARINE.

DEAR KATE—more dear than I can tell !
No matter, though—you know it well—
Dear Kate—in this delicious weather,
I wish, don't you ? we were together ;
That we might wander, hand in hand,
Amid those scenes of fairy land,

Which now, to glad thy vision, rise
And fancy pictures to my eyes !
To climb the hills, the woods explore,
Or ramble by the sea-beat shore,
Where ringing waves delight thy ear
With music mine shall never hear :
Or rove where sweetest flowers embower
My pretty Kate, “ a sweeter flower !”
While balmy zephyrs kiss thy brow
Of beauty—(might I kiss it now !)

’Mid scenes like these, one summer’s day,
A lordly serpent wound his way ;
From Ratler’s line of length he came,
And gloried in a tail of fame ;
His pointed tongue, his sparkling eyes,
His gorgeous robe of thousand dyes—
All these with rapture swelled his hide,
For snakes, like other fools, have pride.

While winding through a tangled brake,
He chanced to meet another snake,
Who wore a suit of sober black,
Which might become a doctor’s back,
And, coiled in many a ring, reclined,
While thoughts as coiled perplexed his mind.

“ Good parson Black ! ah, is it you ?”
Quoth flippant Rattle, “ How d’ ye do ?”

“I’m pretty well, I thank you, sir.”
“How’s Mrs. Black?” “All’s well with her.”
“How are the little dears?” “So so ;
The youngest has been ailing though.”
“How go the times?” “Oh, very bad!”
Sighed Black ; “the times are truly sad,
Which plunges me in deep dejection,
And makes me ask in sage reflection,
Why all that is beneath the skies,
Is what it is—not otherwise !
Why Providence, by strange mistakes,
Instead of men, has made us snakes ;
Why we are born—and wherefore die—
Why——” “Fool !” quoth Rattle, “care not why !
He who himself will wretched make
Deserves the hiss of every snake,
Enough for us that all on earth
Is full of beauty, life, and mirth ;
While of its joys I have a share,
I care not who may cherish care—
Mine be the maxim wise and just :
‘Live while you live, die when you must !’ ”
“Then die this moment !” Black exclaimed,
With foaming lip and eye inflamed.
At this the other shook his rattle,
To sound the stirring charge to battle.

So fiercely they together flew,
They bit each other right in two.
Quoth Black, "I beg a truce, my friend,
To ponder on my latter end!"
So each in different windings past,
To seek his tail, and fix it fast;
But in their hurry, by mistake,
Black got the tail of Rattlesnake,
And Rattle to himself did tack,
Unwittingly the tail of Black.

Now Rattle fiercely shook the tail
He thought his own, without avail,
To wake the sound once wont to be
His "earthquake voice of victory!"
Now right, now left, he lashed the ground,
But, burn the tail! it gave no sound!
He swings it left, he swings it right—
In vain, poor Rattle bursts with spite.

Black, for his part, had run away!
But, as he runs, to his dismay,
Loud from his tail a rattle peals,
As if the foe were at his heels.
More fast he runs, more loud it rings,
And louder, as he faster springs:
He runs for six successive suns,
And still it rattles as he runs:

He runs and runs till out of breath,
And then the rattle sleeps in death.

You say this story can't be true—
Dear Kate, I quite agree with you !
But now that I must say farewell,
One little word of truth I'll tell ;
And well you know I speak sincerely,
In saying, "*Kate, I love you dearly !*"

POSTSCRIPT. Some say they are not able
To see the moral of my fable !
Inform them, had the snakes been wise,
'T is like they would have *used their eyes !*
And secondly, it hence appears,
Our eyes are better than our ears ;
From which reflection I contrive
Some consolation to derive ;
For though I oft have sighed, my dear,
That it is not for me to hear
The thrilling music of thy voice,
That would my very heart rejoice :
Yet when my arm is round thee wreathing,
And on thy brow my lip is breathing,
When thy dear head my hand caresses,
Or wreathes among thy raven tresses,
Or clasps in mine thy fairy fingers,
While fond my look upon thee lingers,

Then, while emparadised, I trace
Affection breathing from thy face—
Oh, then I feel in deep delight,
THERE IS A MUSIC FOR THE SIGHT !
Which I would not exchange for all
That ever on the ear may fall.

MY PRETTY BIRDS.

MY pretty birds, as sweet your song,
And of as blithesome kind,
As when you winged your flight along
By but the skies confined ;
Though severed from your native bowers,
And caged in narrow space,
As gay ye carol through your hours
As in your native place.

And grateful to the tender hand
That watches o'er your need,
Your little hearts with love expand,
While from that hand ye feed ;

And this is well—ye need not mourn
The scenes that ye have lost,
For there the pangs ye might have borne
Of famine or of frost.

But man less wise—restrained from ill
By the Almighty's bars,
The rage to have his erring will
His spirit's music jars.
My birds, my sweet philosophers,
May I your wisdom learn,
And welcoming what God confers,
To His protection turn.

TO ONE REMEMBERED STILL.

How oft shall memory's glance be cast
To the lovely eve when I met thee last !
No star was seen in the silver sky,
And the moon was hid from mortal eye,
And the sun had gone to his briny bed,
Yet a beautiful light upon earth was shed,

For the gloom of eve had a softened ray
Reflected from the departing day ;
And I said in my heart, as I marked how tender
A light had succeeded the vanished splendor,
“ May a beam as soft—as calm—and as sweet,
Illumine thy lot till again we meet !”

As my fingers twined in thy locks of gold
Adown thy neck of ivory rolled,
And I saw thy blue eyes, fixed on mine,
In soft and artless tenderness shine,
And I pressed in mine thy dear, dear hand,
My feelings I could not well command,
But I turned my head to hide the tear
At the thought of parting with one so dear,
And I felt that there was no pang above
The pang inflicted on parting love !

MY BLUE-EYED MAID.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

FORGET me not, my blue-eyed maid,
When fate our parting shall decree !
My love may never be repaid,
But still, oh, still remember me !
Thy image, in my heart enshrined,
In death's embrace alone shall fade ;
When I am in his arms reclined,
Forget me not, my blue-eyed maid !

If on the monumental stone
The name of one thou chance to see,
Whose heart was thine, and thine alone,
Oh then, my love, remember me,
As one that were supremely blest
His life before thee to have laid,
Could that insure his last request,
Forget me not, my blue-eyed maid !

TO MY FRIEND, R. B.

THE only Paradise on earth
Is found at the domestic hearth,
When on the angel wings of love
The bliss of heaven comes from above ;
Not that vain love scarce worth the name,
Whose only light is passion's flame,
But love unfading, pure, refined,
Whose throne of beauty is the mind,
Where soul communes with kindred soul,
And heart replies to heart's control !
Truth, virtue, honor, faith sincere,
Like guardian angels hover near,
And build love's altar on a rock
Superior to misfortune's shock ;
Nor time, nor change, can ever blight
One spark of its celestial light.

But none this Paradise can find,
Save one who bears a polished mind,
A noble heart, a liberal hand
And all that may esteem command.

Then highly may I prize thy worth,
Since thine this Paradise on earth !
And if the prayer of friendship aid,
That Paradise shall never fade.

WHAT SHOULD WE DO, MY BROTHER ?

WHERE pleasant fields are growing,
Where rocks are tossed on high,
Where streams in music flowing,
Delight the ear and eye,
Where rivalling each other,
Fair scenes invite our choice,
What should we do, my brother !
Rejoice ! we should rejoice !

Where woods in tangled wildness
Oppose our weary way,
Where bowers in shady mildness
Invite a sweet delay,
Where wild birds to each other
Their blithesome carols voice,
What should we do, my brother ?
Rejoice ! we should rejoice !

When slowly home returning,
While moonlight's golden streams
Refresh the brow still burning
With day's departing beams,
While cheering on each other
With songs of merry voice,
What should we do, my brother ?
Rejoice ! we should rejoice !

THE GRAVE OF MARY.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN.

FAR, far from this grave be the footstep unholy,
Its sanctity that would presume to invade,
By all who approach it, with reverence lowly,
May homage to virtue and beauty be paid,—
To virtue and beauty, that almost had made her
On earth what they now have quite made her in
heaven ;
For the seraphic charms in this world that arrayed
her
To wither as soon as they bloomed were not given ;

Ah, no! they were only transplanted again
To shine in the glorious world whence they came,
Where nothing of earth or corruption shall stain,
Their splendors on high that eternally flame!

My Mary! my love! art thou hovering near,
To look upon him o'er thy dust who is kneeling,
While wrung from his bosom, full many a tear,
To water the grave of my Mary is stealing?
While o'er thee in passionate agony bending,
I fondly would think from the regions above,
Thy spirit I see in its beauty descending,
To calm my wild anguish for Mary and love!

THE PEARL-HANDLED KNIFE.

A LITTLE boy sits by his mother's tomb,
And waters the flowers that above her bloom
With tears that flow from his orphaned heart,
Sobbing as if it would burst apart.

He looks around with a glance of fear,
To see that no ruthless eye is near,

Then draws from his bosom his cherished toy,
His mother's last gift to her own dear boy :
It was a knife with a silver blade,
And of mother-of-pearl was the handle made.

That little boy has a step-dame stern,
Whose evil feelings against him burn ;
Though once on the orphan boy she smiled,
And kindly treated her husband's child ;
But a change was on her feelings thrown
When she had a little babe of her own,
For she loved her babe with a love so great,
Her love for the orphan was turned to hate :
For it was a thought she could not bear
That Edwin should be his father's heir ;
"And all would be for my child," she said,
In her guilty heart, "were but Edwin dead !"

Oh ! a mother's love is a holy thing !
But even from good may evil spring,
And they who would love with a sinless love,
Must set their affections on things above,
Nor ever, for perishing things of clay,
From God and his law be led astray.

Poor Edwin ! he found it a cruel change,
For all was bitter and all was strange ;

Now first in his life he felt and heard
The passionate blow and the angry word,
And knew not what it could mean the while,
For he had been ruled by look and smile.

His father had gone abroad for a time
To gather wealth in a distant clime,
And Edwin was left in his step-dame's power,
Who beat and abused him every hour.
But once in a day the orphan fed,
And then on a bone or a crust of bread,
His strength decayed, and a fever came,
But it made no change in the ruthless dame ;
She spurned him up as he sunk on the floor,
From which he gladly would rise no more ;
And she made him work like the veriest slave ;
How he longed to rest in his mother's grave !

To that mother's grave he crawled one day,
When he thought the dreaded eye away,
And told her unconscious ear the wrong
Her poor little boy had endured so long ;
Then drew from a secret slit in his vest
The only comfort he yet possessed ;
It was a knife with a silver blade,
And of mother-of-pearl was the handle made.

Alas ! for the cruel step-dame was near,
And heard what he meant for his mother's ear ;
On her evil mind temptation flashed :
At a blow the boy to earth she dashed,—
She snatched the knife with a sudden start,
And buried the blade in the orphan's heart.

She opened the door of his mother's tomb,
And thrust him down in that place of gloom ;
She hastened home and she laughed so wild—
“ Come kiss me ! all is your own, my child.”

A month elapsed, and the father came,
And kissed his babe and his smiling dame ;
But when he asked for his pretty boy,
To deepest sorrow it changed his joy ;
“ The child,” she said, “ of a fever died,
And was buried at his mother's side.”

A year and another passed away,
And the babe grew lovelier every day :
It was a bright and merry child,
And the father of half his grief beguiled.
Another year and another past,
And the child in beauty flourished fast,
And the father's heart no more was sad,
And the mother's heart was proud and glad :

She forgot her sin, as too many do,
And fancied God had forgot it too.
A guilty deed may be long concealed,
But its time shall come to be revealed,
And long unpunished may flourish crime,
But vengeance cometh in God's good time.

It was a fair and a sunny day,
And Robert went in the fields to play ;
But the shades of night began to fall
Before he returned to his father's hall—
“ Oh, Robert ! where have you been so long ?
My child, to wander so late is wrong.”
“ Mama, I am sorry I stayed so late,—
This morning I passed by the churchyard gate,
And found it open ; I wandered there,
To gather the flowers so fresh and fair ;
And weary at last with my play alone,
I lay me down on the nearest stone.
I had not been resting long, before
I noticed a tomb with a little door :
Oh, mother ! I gazed in fear and doubt,
For opened the door, and a boy stepped out ;
But when his beauty beamed on my sight,
My fear gave way to a strange delight.
His cheek was fair as the sunset skies,
And like stars of heaven, his sparkling eyes :
Adown his shoulders his ringlets rolled,

And glistened and gleamed in sunny gold ;
But the charm all other charms above,
Was the smile that melted the heart to love ;
Yet was it a sad and a serious smile,
And the tears would start to your eyes the while.

He came where I lay ;—he spoke—the sound
Breathed music in all the air around ;
He lay at my side, and he took my hand,
And he talked of a brighter and better land,
Where nothing of evil can enter in,
Nor sickness nor death, nor sorrow nor sin ;
Where God's holy children, a radiant band,
In his garden of glory walk hand in hand ;
Where all is bliss, and all is love—
And he whispered—‘ Oh, come to my home above !’

And thus we talked till the close of day,
And then we arose to go away ;
But he flung his arms around me, mother,
And kissed my forehead, and called me—‘ Brother !’
And as he turned to descend the grave,
He gave me a keepsake—see what he gave !”

The mother looked—with a frantic start
She plunged it into her guilty heart—
It was a knife with a silver blade,
And of mother-of-pearl was the handle made !

THE CHOICE.

Now heed my words, my precious girl!—
Affection is the richest pearl,
Nor lightly should be thrown away
On those who cannot love repay ;
Beware to whom thou shalt impart
That priceless jewel of the heart !
Care not alone for form or face,
Or winning words or witching grace ;
But choose thou one whose honored name
Thou canst be proud to share and claim ;
Let it be one of cultured mind,
Of generous thoughts and feelings kind,
Who never sought, nor e'er would seek,
To wrong the helpless or the weak,
But ever would employ his best
To shield the friendless and opprest ;
Who proudly treads temptation down,
Nor sinks at fortune's darkest frown ;
Whose equal soul and mind sedate
Can stand unmoved each change of fate ;

Whose faith is firm, whose honor bright,
Whose love is an immortal light !
Such were the love, and such alone,
That can be worthy of thy own !

TO MY DAUGHTER.

My child ! my own, my precious child !
When I behold thy charms,
And look upon the mother sweet
That folds thee in her arms,
It seems to me as I possessed
The richest treasures here ;
For she is best of all the best,
Thou dearest of the dear !

My child ! I have but little store
Of what most mortals prize ;
And thousands pranked in pomp and pride,
My humbler lot despise ;

Yet thinking of my wife and child,
A prouder head I rear ;
For she is best of all the best,
Thou dearest of the dear !

My child ! thou hast no heritage
Except thy father's name,
Which in misfortune's worst despite
Has won its way to fame ;
And fame is only precious, that
It serves the lot to cheer
Of these, the best of all the best,
And dearest of the dear.

My child ! if all my little store
Should in a moment end,
Should slander blast thy father's fame,—
Forsake him every friend,—
Thy mother spared and thou, his head
Above the storm would rear,
Blest with the best of all the best,
And dearest of the dear !

My child ! in all thy path of life
Thy mother's steps pursue,
And let the pattern of her worth
Be ever in thy view ;

So shall thy father's heart be glad
And proud of thy career,
And thou be best of all the best,
And dearest of the dear !

MOUNT VERNON.

No need of trophy or of bust
In honor of this sacred dust,
For LIBERTY herself shall stand
His monument to every land !
The very name of Washington
Protects the blessings that he won ;
For bad ambition cowers with shame
Before that great and awful name !

And does his dust alone remain,
Whose valor burst a nation's chain,
Whose wisdom made that nation great,
Whose virtues are her rock of fate !
And could he die ? Ye sons of earth !
Your power, your glory, and your worth,

What are they ?—what avail they all,
Since death could even him enthrall !

This moment, glancing from the tomb
That veils his narrow bed of gloom,
Upon the skies to fix my sight,
That veil his spirit's home of light,
I saw the stars in splendor dim,
Yet deep, through liquid azure swim,
And as their beauty on me beamed,
To whisper to my soul they seemed ;
“ What wonder man must life resign,
Since even we must cease to shine !
And not the starry host alone
Must fall before destruction's throne ;
The moon that from the sky's embrace
Bends on you like an angel's face,
And even he whose faintest beams
Bathe worlds and worlds in living streams,—
In darkness must their bed be made.
What wonder man as low is laid ?
That valor cannot death disarm,
Nor even beauty's magic charm ;
That warlike arm and seraph brow
Must rot in earth, in dust must bow !
Yet there's a light beneath the sky
That may be dimmed, but cannot die ;

Whatever clouds may on it dwell,
The soul is indestructible ;
A thousand suns may rise and set,
And leave the soul undying yet ;
And to the soul that dwelt in HIM
Compared, a thousand suns wear dim !”

THE HERO.

INSCRIBED TO JAMES B. K——.

LET others sing of deeds of arms
By heroes who have ravaged earth,
Who shook the world with war's alarms,
While death and carnage crowned their worth ;

A nobler hero claims my song
Than we on history's page may find ;
Not his the fame of doing wrong—
He lives a blessing to mankind.

A blessing and a martyr too—
For them all comfort he forsakes ;

When others for assistance sue,
From friends and family he breaks.

He leaves his food, he leaves his sleep,
E'en in the deadest hour of night,
Though floods descend and tempests sweep,
And heaven denies one gleam of light.

Through storm and darkness on he goes,
To hut or hall—no matter where ;
Intent to soothe the sufferer's woes,
And save the mourner from despair.

Scenes he must view that break his heart,
And deeds perform his blood that chill ;
But so that he may good impart,
He acts as with an iron will.

And he must bear with vain complaints,
When nature makes the progress slow ;
But with a patience worthy saints,
Will still his needful cares bestow.

Alike to palaces of wealth,
Or hovels where the friendless pine,
He carries comfort, life, and health,
As if a messenger divine.

For this *his* comfort up he gave,
For this *his* health is often lost,
And oft another's life to save
The peril of *his* life has cost.

Who is this hero, who may claim
The world's applause and that of heaven?
Ah, friend! if I should breathe thy name,
No other answer need be given!

All *good* physicians share the praise—
May worthy honors on thee fall!
But thou who hast prolonged my days,
I fain would praise thee more than all!

But not for praise didst thou impart
Thy aid, or any selfish ends;
Yet take this tribute of my heart,
Best of physicians and of friends!

WOMAN'S MINISTRY.

'T IS true that love's romantic dreams
Are bright as heaven's opening gleams,
And give to life a charm divine,
That wisdom sorrows to resign.
Yet much they err who seek in this
The only or the highest bliss,
Or deem that woman's noblest part
Is but to give and win a heart.
This angel (such in all but wings)
Was born for higher, holier things,
And best her ministry fulfils
In smoothing life's pervading ills.
'Tis hers to soothe the troubled mind,
'Tis hers the broken heart to bind,
To turn the erring soul to prayer,
And snatch the sinner from despair ;
To hover round affliction's bed,
With angel look and fairy tread ;
Receive affection's dying breath
And seal the cherished eyes in death ;

And all the while forbear to show
The sorrows God alone can know !
The spirit thus sublimes the clay,
All selfish taint refines away,
Till too divine to be concealed,
The perfect angel stands revealed !

NEW YEAR HYMN.

THANKS to our heavenly Father !
Though angels tune his praise,
He will permit his children
Their humbler song to raise.
Thanks to our heavenly Father !
Whose love protects us here,
And spares us yet, to welcome
Another happy year.

For all the years departed,
For all the years to come,
For all the thousand blessings
That crown our happy home ;

For all our loving kindred,
For all the friends we claim,
We thank our heavenly Father,
And bless his holy name.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG SISTER.

BUT yesterday a child of pain,
That saddened pity's eye—
To day, a seraph called to reign
Above the stars on high !
Well might the suffering move our tears,
Which she endured below ;
But now that heaven her soul inspheres,
Those tears should cease to flow.

Why should we her release deplore
From fate's relentless arm ?
Why grieve that she shall grieve no more ?
As if we wished her harm !
Away with the repining tear,
The ingrate sigh forbear,
Which, if she up in heaven could hear,
Would grieve her even there !

Yet Nature's voice, more mighty far
Than all the rest can say,
Still calls us from the radiant star,
Down to the mouldering clay ;
And not in words the magic lies,
To calm the anguish wild,
Of one whose lonely heart replies,—
“It was my child ! my child !”

And God, who knows a mother's heart—
Permits a mother's tears,
When from the cherub doomed to part,
The holiest tie endears ;
And Jesus an example gave,
All feeling hearts accept ;
Weep on—for at affection's grave,
The PRINCE OF GLORY wept !

That we have lost her we may weep ;
Yet knowing she is blest—
That all her cares are hushed to sleep
Upon her Saviour's breast—
That thought with its consoling power,
Amid our tears shall gleam,
Like rainbow in a summer shower,
Or moonlight on a stream.

Her calm submission to the rod,
Which made all else repine,
Revealed her as a child of God,
While yet on earth, divine !
With sweetest thoughts of heavenly birth,
Her sainted mind was fed,
Which flung a glory, not of earth,
Around her dying bed !

May we from her example learn
Submission to our lot,
And to the Rock of Ages turn,
Whose promise faileth not !
So shall our sorrows pave the way
To the eternal home,
Where our beloved has gone to-day,
And seems to whisper, " Come !"

MY CAP.

My cap! my well-worn leather cap!
Though time has dimmed thy glossy hue,
Though broken hangs thy useless strap,
And spots obscure thy band of blue,
I would not give thee for the best
That graces fashion's votary;
So long hast thou my brow carest,
Thou hast become a part of me!

And happy thoughts of better worth,
Are born in thy obscure embrace,
Than any diadem of earth
Encircles in its resting-place.
With thee on my unhonored head
I con the page of mystic lore,
Explore the lights by genius shed,
And gather wisdom's precious ore.

For years, in every scene of pride
Or joy that it was mine to tread,
My chosen friend was at my side,
And thou, my cap! upon my head;

And thus we rambled many a mile,
To witness nature's wildest charms,
To revel in her glorious smile,
Or worship her sublime alarms.

We braved the tempest's furious shock,
In shivering night or burning day;
Headlong we leaped from rock to rock,
Or through the forest toiled our way,
Or wandered where the rivers glide
In darkness by the tangled cliff,
Or tossed upon their swelling tide
That sobbed around the shuddering skiff!

With Jerome thou hast seen me share
All the communion friendship knows,
The wildest hope, the deepest care,
The brightest joys, the darkest woes—
To him, then, when I must depart
To lay my head in nature's lap,
For kingdom I'd bequeathe my heart,
For diadem—my leather cap!

TO A BEREAVED FRIEND.

IF life were only given to know
Such comforts as on earth may grow,
And every hope were crushed in death—
Oh ! who would care for mortal breath,
Though cradled in the lap of wealth,
Though flushed with beauty, youth, and health,
Though crowned with fame and throned in power,—
Since all must vanish in an hour !—
Since pain and ruin, wrong and care,
Lie lurking for us everywhere ;
And, worst of all, since we must part
With all that winds into our heart,
And to the darkness of the tomb
Resign their love, and light, and bloom !
In such a moment to our eyes
It seems the sun forsakes the skies,
And with the loved one's funeral pall,
One robe of darkness covers all !

Is there a grief more deep and wild
Than theirs who mourn a cherished child ?

The "little friend," the playmate dear,
Whose voice was melody to hear,
Whose fairy steps at its advance
Would make the heart responsive dance;
Whose smile was as the blessed sun
That gladdens all it looks upon;
Whose winning ways and words of love
Seemed heralds of the bliss above!
Of all that love and all that bliss,
Oh, God! remains there only this—
The dying bed—the doom to part—
The coffin and the broken heart!

In such an hour of bitter woe
What comfort can the world bestow?
Can fame or fortune, pomp or power,
Retrieve the loss for but an hour?
Can science from the depths of lore
A balm for such a wound explore?
Can reason, wisdom, genius, frame
A word that one may comfort name?
Philosophy declaims in vain,
And sympathy itself is pain!

If in this hour of darkest night
The mourner hails one source of light,

And turns from his despair to bless
The Sun—the Sun of Righteousness !
If he should find his sure retreat
From every grief at Jesus' feet—
If there indeed he should attain
The comfort sought on earth in vain,
Oh ! who its blest effects can view,
Nor feel *religion must be true* ?

In vain, my friend, would I impart
Some comfort to thy bleeding heart ;
For words, although as kindly meant
As mine, and far more eloquent,
In sorrow's ear unheeded sound ;
And thou hast better comfort found—
Religion comes with radiant face,
And points thee to that better place,
Where those dear cherubs, hand in hand,
Expectant of their father stand :
For God shall in his time restore
His gifts, to be recalled no more.

REST, BABY, REST!

REST, baby, rest ! rest, baby, rest !
Thy pillow is a mother's breast,
Which heaves and falls with throbs of joy
Beneath thy cherub head, my boy !
Upon the heart that loves thee best,
Rest, baby, rest ! rest, baby, rest !

Sleep, baby, sleep ! sleep, baby, sleep !
And closer to thy shelter creep ;
Thy cradle is a mother's heart—
Watched by a mother's eyes thou art,
Which could for very fondness weep—
Sleep, baby, sleep ! sleep, baby, sleep !

My boy ! my own and only boy !
Thy father's pride ! thy mother's joy !
May God thy future being keep
As sinless as thy infant sleep !
May dreams as pure thy life employ,
My boy, my bright and blessed boy !

WALTER SCOTT AND WASHINGTON
IRVING.

God bless thee, Walter Scott !
For thou hast blest mankind,
And flung upon their lot
The brightness of thy mind,
And filled the soul with pleasures
None other can impart,
And stored the mind with treasures,
And purified the heart.

Shame on them who abuse
Their gifts of peerless price,
And prostitute the muse
To passion or to vice !
Who pour into the mind
The bitterness and gall
Which makes us hate mankind,
Ourselves, and heaven, and all !
We leave their withering page
For *thine*, with healing rife,
The fevered soul assuage,
And drink the stream of life !

Thy shrine is virtue's altar,
Thy fame without a blot ;
God bless thee, dear SIR WALTER !
God bless thee, WALTER SCOTT !

One only son of light
Attends thy cloudless path,
In purity as bright
As thy own spirit hath ;
To charm away distress,
To comfort, to delight,
To teach, to aid, to bless,
He shares thy wizard might !
His muse from virtue's shrine
Hath never turned astray,
Nor ever breathed a line
That love could wish away ;
The temple of the free
Is radiant with his fame,
His country's glory he—
And IRVING is his name !

God's blessings on ye both !
Twin heirs of glory's prize !
How often when I loath
All that around me lies,

When in the crowded world
I feel myself alone,
From all communion hurled
That by the rest is known,
Debarred, by fate's control,
From every human sound,
And burying my soul
In solitude profound—
Oh, then, ye glorious pair !
I seek the world ye give,
And find a kindred there
With whom I love to live,
Your precious magic nerving
My soul to bear its lot—
God bless thee, gentle IRVING !
God bless thee, WALTER SCOTT !

THE FONT.

No boon that fortune can impart
Can with a gracious child compare ;
It winds into the parent's heart,
And twines with every fibre there.

When to my arms my children spring,
Or on my breast their heads recline,
Or to my lips of love they cling,
No joy on earth can equal mine.

Yet e'en on these so fair and dear,
Whose looks are more of heaven than earth,
Some shadow will at times appear,
Some stain that speaks of mortal birth.

But there is an immortal stream
That cleanseth every stain away ;
And where those living waters gleam,
All darkness brightens into day.

And thither we our children bring,
To Him who said, " Forbid them not !"
That He within that sacred spring,
May cleanse their soul from every spot.

Saviour of all ! who in the charms
Of childhood once this world hast trod,
We bring our treasures to thy arms,
And dedicate them to our God !

THE SUM OF PHILOSOPHY.

Do fortune's smiles upon thee wait,
With honor, power, and high estate ?
Let not thy heart be too elate—
All this shall pass away.
Art thou the sport of fortune's hate,
Forsaken, poor, and desperate ?
Still bear the worst with mind sedate—
All this shall pass away.
Our joys and pains are brief in date ;
The deeds we do of good or great
Alone survive our mortal state,
And never pass away !

JANE EYRE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THAT ADMIRABLE WORK.

WHAT is the substance of all this?—to teach
The nothingness of the external frame
Of human beauty (serving but to reach
The senses, and a sensual love inflame) ;
To show that form and feature disappear
In the diviner beauties of the mind,
When heavenly spirits meet on earthly sphere,
And blend together in a love refined !

SPRING IS COMING.

SPRING is coming ! spring is coming !
Birds are chirping, insects humming ;
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping ;
Streams, escaped from winter's keeping,

In delighted freedom rushing,
Dance along in music gushing.
Scenes, of late in deadness saddened,
Smile in animation gladdened :
All is beauty, all is mirth,
All is glory upon earth :
Shout we then with nature's voice,
“ Welcome, spring ! rejoice ! rejoice ! ”

Spring is coming ! come, my brother,
Let us wander with each other
To our well remembered wildwood,
Flourishing in nature's childhood,
Where a thousand birds are singing,
And a thousand flowers are springing,
Where the dancing sunbeams quiver
On the forest-shaded river ;
Let our youth of feeling out
To the youth of nature shout,
While the hills repeat our voice—
“ Welcome, spring ! rejoice ! rejoice ! ”

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

THOUGH father and mother
 Forbid me thy sight,
Though sister and brother
 Against us unite,
Though all that surround us
 To part us essay,
From all will I win thee—
 Love will find out the way.

Though oceans may sunder,
 Or mountains may close,
Or tempests may thunder
 The path to oppose ;
Though earthquakes between us
 The abyss may display,
Through all will I win thee—
 Love will find out the way.

Through forest and desert,
Through flood and through flame,
Through pain and through peril,
Through sorrow and shame,
Through darkness and danger,
By night or by day,
Through death and destruction,
Love will find out the way.

Yes, I will regain thee,
My chosen, my best !
My bird ! thou shalt nestle
Again in my breast ;
This heart for thy refuge,
This arm for thy stay,
I will guard thee for ever—
Love will find out the way.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

How many are now in the cold grave reposing
Who welcomed the dawn of the year that has
fled?

How little, alas! did they think that its closing
Should find them inurned in the home of the
dead?

How many this year to the grave's dark dominions
Shall hasten, who welcome its rising career,
Ere time once again on his air-feathered pinions
Shall usher the dawn of another New Year!

And I, who now muse on the thousands departed,
May follow them ere the return of this day,
Bedewed with the tears of some friend broken-
hearted,

Who now smiles upon me, unthinking and gay;
And better than I should survive to deplore them,
The few that to share my affections remain,
Oh, better by far I should perish before them,
Nor hail the return of a New Year again!

How sad to be torn from our friends and connex-
ions,

And hid in the valley of darkness alone !

What comfort to hope their surviving affections

Shall cherish our image on memory's throne !

The hearts that now love me, will they not regret
me ?

Will ever my memory cease to be dear ?

The friends of my bosom—oh, can they forget me,

If swept from their sight by the close of the year ?



GOOD NIGHT, MAMMA !

A LITTLE girl, some five years old,

Came, like the morning star,

Each morrow to her mother's heart—

“ Good morning, dear mamma ! ”

And running to her mother's arms,

She kissed her o'er and o'er,

And prattled out her love to one

Who loved her more and more.

And when night's curtains closed around
The sun's resplendent car,
She kissed her mother, and she said,
" Good night, my dear mamma !"

Poor little girl ! her mother died,
And to the grave was borne ;
Where shall she find a mother now,
To greet at night and morn ?

Next morning, when she rose and dressed,
And found no mother near,
Without a word she slipped away,
To seek her mother dear.

In haste she to the churchyard ran ;
From home it was not far ;
She clasped her mother's grave, and said,
" Good morning, dear mamma !"

All day she lingered near the grave,
Till rose the evening star,
Then turning slowly home she said,
" Good night, my dear mamma !"

WEDDED LOVE.

I MAY not call to grandeur's hall
The lady of my heart ;
I have not power or earthly dower
My truelove to impart ;
I bid her from a sphere to come
That far is mine above ;
Yet shall not this impair the bliss
That hails our wedded love !

She will not grieve a home to leave
Magnificent in pride,
In lowly cot to share my lot,
Obscurely there to hide ;
Though desolate of friend or mate,
Save me and God above,
Yet shall not this impair the bliss
That hails our wedded love.

She has been nurst among the first
And proudest of the land,
Where from her head all danger fled,
At fortune's magic wand :

But ill my bower in stormy hour
Can shield my gentle dove ;
Yet shall not this impair the bliss
That hails our wedded love.

I every day a tender lay
Shall waken to her name,
And every night to throne of might
Shall kneel to bless the same ;
For years and years, through smiles and tears,
I'll prize her all above ;
And well shall this insure the bliss
That hails our wedded love.

RESOLUTION.

It is a goodly sight to see a man
Whom fortune's mailéd hand has stricken down,
Rise in his strength of soul, and stand erect
In his integrity, and lifting high
His calm majestic brow, with steady step
Pursue his purposed path unswervingly,
Though conscious of the perils yet to come.

We are not masters of our circumstances,
Yet circumstances should not master us ;
We cannot turn the current of events,
Yet with a skilful and determined hand
Can guide our barque, now yielding to the stream,
And now resisting ; till we reach at last
The haven we have in view.

A WOMAN AS SHE SHOULD BE.

In person decent, and in dress,
Her manners and her words express
The decency of mind ;
Good humor brightens up her face,
Where passion never leaves a trace,
Nor frowns a look unkind.
No vexing sneer, no angry word,
No scandal from her lips is heard,
Where truth and sweetness blend ;
Submission to her husband's will,
Her study is to please him still,
His fond and faithful friend.

She watches his returning way,
When from the troubles of the day
 He seeks a home of bliss ;
She runs to meet him with a smile,
And if no eye be near the while,
 The smile is with a kiss !

JENNY LIND.

ALL hail to Jenny Lind !
The pure in heart and mind,
The lofty and refined,
The generous and kind—
All hail to Jenny Lind !

What though to her belong
The highest realms of song,
The empire is more strong
 Of her angelic mind ;
For it hath given her part
In every noble heart—
 All hail to Jenny Lind !

They say that she has given
To us the airs of heaven,
 Now first to earth revealed ;
It may be so—her voice
Must not this ear rejoice,
 By fate for ever sealed ;
Yet can her deeds impart
 Such music to my heart
 As heaven alone could yield.

Not by the wondrous powers
That witch this world of ours,
 Does she my homage bind ;
Her glorious mind and soul
On mine have a control
 More potent and refined !
For all thy deeds that grace
And bless the human race,
 I bless thee, Jenny Lind !





JUN 78



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